

SIR
BEVIS OF
HAMPTON

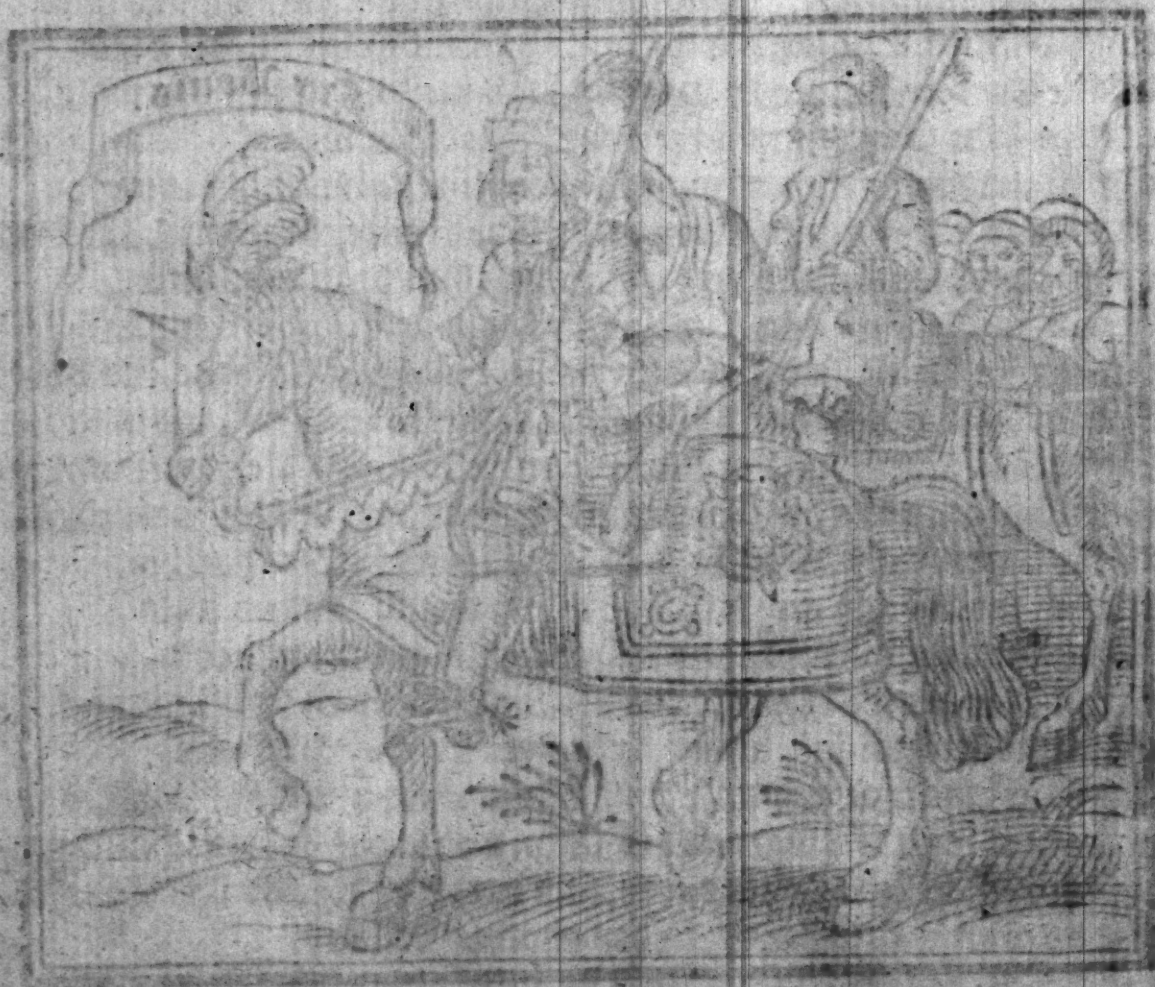
Newly Corrected and amended.



LONDON
Printed by Richard Bishop.

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BEVIS OF
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THE HISTORY OF *BEVIS of Hampton.*

Listen Lordlings, and hold you still, of doubtie men tell you I will,
That have bin in many a scour & held up England in great honour,
That befoze this time hath bene, by a knight it is that I meane,
Sir Bevis of Hampton that knight hight, that never was proved coward sir
And by his father that hight Sir Guy, a ballant knight & full hardy, (sight,
And how Sir Guy betrayed was, through his wife it came so passe.
That time was Guy of great renoune, Earle hee was of South-hampton.
In Chyffendome farre and near, for doubtinesse was not his pere;
None was so hardy nor so strong: he loved the right and not the wrong.
In ev ry land hee rode and yed, for to win him praise and meed,
In France, in Flanders, & in Almaine, in Brabant, in Cicilie, and in Britaine,
In Denmarke, Callice and in Gascoyne, in Hungary, Calabre, and Burgen,
In Pole, in Normandy, and Maim, in Turkey, Mambrant, and in Spaine,
In Eastland Norway, and in Picardie, in Scotland, Wales, & in Lumbardy,
In Chyffendome & in heathenes, well was known sir Guyes worthynesse,
In all the lands of Chyffentie, was none found better than hee.
While hee was young and jollife, sir Guy would wed no wife,
But when that hee was old, and waxed feeble, weake and cold,
Then toke hee his leade of Chivalrie, and dwelt in England certainly.
In that time King Edgar anone, sent unto sir Guy full sone,
For sir Guy was true and wise, and knowne for a knight of great prife.
He made him high Steward of his land, and what he said it did stand,
He kept well England in his dayes, and made peace and stabled lawes,
So that no man was so hardy, to doe another villany.
Upon a day bethought sir Guy, that he would wed some faire Lady,
To have betwene them a childe faire, that of his land might be heire.
The King of Scotland in that tide, had a daughter of much prife.
The Emperours brother of Almaine, loved that Lady as men faine.
And so did sir Guy, hee would her have, and of her father hee did her crave.

The History of Sir

The King of Scotland shortly, gave his daughter unto sir Guy,
Against the will of his daughter bright, she had leuer had the other knight,
For he was yong and bold, but sir Guy was now waken old.
Alas that euer he her chose, his owne life thereby to lose.
Sir Guy wedded that Lady free, and brought her home to his countree;
So long to bed he her led, that a man child together they had.
Bevis, they called that child bold; he was no more than seaven yeares old,
When that his father he was slaine, by sir Murdure of Almaine.
The Lady belougth her on a day, unto her selfe thus did she say,
My Lord is old and may not worch, all the day he bides in the Church,
What for bruising and what for age, he loveth not with me to rage,
But had I taken a young knight, that had not been bruised in fight,
Hee would love me both day & night, & make me all the mirth he might.
Truly it shall be thus no while, I shall let slay him by some guile.
After a messenger the Lady did send, that befoze had beene her friend.
She said thou shalt on my message, thy selfe alone without any page,
And if thou keepe thy counsaile, I will quite well thy trauell.
Hadant he said hold you still, for I will do after your will.
The Lady was then glad and faine, goe thou she said to Almaine:
And greet well from me Sir Murdure, brother to the Emperour,
And bid him in the first day, of the merry month of May,
That here in this Forrest he be, well armed with his mony,
Bid him that it be not spared, but that my Lord be there beheaded,
And send it me for a present, my Lord shall naked to him be sent.
If he me love that shall I see, go forth and greete him thus from mee:
The messenger to the water yead, alas the winde was all for speede:
Into Almaine he was brought, to the court he went, he forgot it nought,
And asked some one another, till he came to the Emperours brother,
To him he told his message, tho, in priuate between them two,
Now truly may I well see, how that Lady loveth mee,
Gladder I am though I it say, then any tongue tell may,
All her will I meane to doe, greet her well and say to her so,
Habe here a steed for thy trauaile, with treasure charged for thy abaille,
And if it stand in maine and might, I my selfe will make thee a knight,
The messenger thanked him then, and to England he is gone agen,
So Hampton hee came all in feare, of his enemies that were there,
And said, my Lady God thee see, well sir Murdure greeteth thee,
Glad he is of thy message, full he hath quite my voyage.

And

BEVYs of Hampton:

And certainly he will be prest, with a great host in your forest,
 Thy Lord to assaile with main and might, thy love to win Lady bright.
 When the messenger had all said, the Lady held her well apaid.
 In the first day of May, the Lady sained her sick and lay.
 Shee made a man her Lord to call, and said an evil did her befall.
 The Carle for her had sorrow & thought, & asked her if she would ought.
 Sir, she said, might I it get, of a wilde Boze I saine would eat.
 Dame he said and love mine, where should I find the wilde Swine,
 That might once glad thee? Sir, in your forest lieth hee.
 Dame, he said, make good solace, for in the forest I will goe chace.



And she said with treason then, blessed be thou of all men.
 The Carle a Courser gan bestride, his Sword he hanged by his side,
 There might no man with him rin, he was the foremost man therein,
 Alas that he had been aware, of his enemies that were there.
 But when he came to the forest, and was in chase after the beast;
 Him thought he heard sir Murdure, cry aloud sir Guy, thou Traytor.

The History of Sir

And pricked out before his host, with prouping pride and great boast,
 And to Sir Guy thus did he say, yea lo thee traytor, for by my say,
 Thou and thy sonne both dead shall bee, for the love of thy Lady free,
 For her love were thou her knew, yet thou her hast, and shalt it rewe.
 Sir Guy answered with reason, and said alas here is treason,
 Yet will I so God mee mend, here in my right my selfe defend.
 Either then did other desse, then spurred his horse good Sir Guy,
 And smote Sir Murdure with a speare, out of the saddle he did him beare.
 Traytor, he said, yea and coward bold, weneest thou though I be old,
 That I should of thee be harmed? with that Sir Guy his sword out wrested,
 And would have slaine that false knight, had not succour come full right.
 Sir Murdures men hied them so, against Sir Guy they came full thro,
 Soothly Sir Guy defend him can, full many he slew with his hands than.
 Had he been well armed I wis, all the mastery had beene his.
 But then Sir Murdure was horsed againe, Sir Guyes horse they had slaine.
 When his horse was slaine, that stound, Sir Guy was felled to the ground,
 For had his horse liued that tide, he had neere abated all their pride.
 When Sir Guy was on foot, without lesse, all they gan about him presse,
 You neuer heard of an old man ere, that fought so long as he did there,
 But then kneeled Guy to Sir Murdure, and said mercy and succour,
 Now Murdure for thy gentry, thus cowardly let me not here die.
 But lend me horse, armour and shield, and let mee die here in the field,
 And if with me thou wilt doe so, I thee forgive if thou me sloe.
 Then cryed they all in this wise, slay him that he neuer rise.
 With that Sir Murdure to him yead, and full soone smote off his head.
 To a knight he gave his head, for hee said, now he is dead,
 To the Countesse that is so bright, say I will come to her this night.
 The knight unto the Lady went, and said Madame here is a present,
 My Lord thee sent it, Sir Murdure, this night he will come to thy boure,
 This gift she said is life to me, and thanke Sir Murdure of his gentry,
 And say I am all at his will, early and late, loud and still.
 The messenger went his way, and told his Lord what she did say.

How Bevis kept sheepe upon the downes, and how that he left the sheepe,
 and went to his Fathers house, and how hee slew the Porter, with other
 things that he did there.

Now will we of young Bevis tell, how he liued and what him befell,
 Alas he said all for teene, that I had with my father beene.

BEVIS of Hampton.

To have holpe him in that stoure, against that false thiefe Sir Murdure.
 To his mother he ran and said, why hast thou my father betraid?
 I will be avenged and be thy bane, alas that ever thou wert woman,
 And all Whores for thy sake, to the Devill of Hell I them betake,



But an oath mother I doe sweare, if eber I may armes beare,
 I will be avenged with might & maine, on him that hath my father slaine.
 His mother his words understood, and gave him a buffet on the hood.
 To ground he fel, that he was harne, his Uncle took him up by the arme.
 Then call his Uncle Sir Sabere, the child was to him full deare,
 For Sabere was Sir Guyes brother, in England was not such another:
 Home with the child Sabere went, the Lady soone after him sent.
 Sabere, shee said for well or woe, my sonne Bevis see that thou doe,
 For I shall never glad be, that day that I doe him see.
 Sir Sabere was not well apaid, yet granted as the Lady said,
 Home he went with friends few, and within a while a Pig he flew.
 Bevis clothes that were so good, he sprinkled with the Pigs blood.

Sir

The History of Sir

Sir Sabere then all for drede, cloathed the child in a poore weed.
 And said, Bevis thou must kepe, upon the Downes my flocke of sheepe,
 Till the spousage be brought to end, then will we to Wales wend,
 There is an Earle kinne to thee, thou shalt there dwell & with him bee:
 When thou art big & armes canst beare, & hast strength harnes to weare,
 Then maist thou claime thy heritage, & abenge thy father, being of age.
 Then I will helpe thee for to fight, with dint of sword to win thy right.
 Therefore my sheep see thou forth dribe, let no man know thou art all be.
 Forth went Bevis with Saberes sheepe, unto the field and soe gan weepe,
 When Bevis was set upon the down, he looked up to South-hamptone,
 And as he looked toward the Tower, Trumpets he heard and Labour,
 Harping there was & much blisse, in that place that should have been his,
 For he said that of me art governo, was not I an Earle son of honore
 I will no longer bide on this downe, home I will to South-hamptone,



And will now see presently: what Murdure doth with that Lady.
 He ran fast on his gate, till he came to the Castle gate.

Porter

BEVIS of Hampton.

Porter he said, take none ill, for into the hall on message I will.
 He Ribauld said the Porter, tho, who son barlot se thou hence goe.
 There is no man but he were mad, on message would send such a lad,
 Whores sonne said Bevis, if I be one, yet barlot was I neher none,
 Thou shalt neher a stranger despise; have this for thy service.
 Such a stroke he him graffe, that his haines clabe to the staffe.
 Bevis into the hall went, with ragged cloathes and shabes rent,
 All about he gan behold, and to Sir Murdure spake wordes bold,
 False theese what dost thou here, why hast thou slaine my father dere?
 My mother it is that thou hast tare; wend soth in the diuels name,
 And if thou dwell against my leafe, I trust in God I shall the grieve.
 Then said Murdure, hold the still, thou canst no good but much ill.
 Bevis hit Sir Murdure at that word, that he stounded at the board.
 Another stroke he struck sadly, with that the Lady began to cry.
 When Bevis would no longer abide, for knights arose on every side,
 For young Bevis tooe there was, they took him not but let him passe.
 Bevis went hame I you hete, he met his master amid the streets.
 What now Bevis said Sabere? for Gods sake what dost thou here?
 Beaten I have my step-father, and slaine I have his porter.
 Then said Sabere, thou art too blame, by this I get both harme & shame.
 But betide what may betide, once againe I will the hide.
 Sabere him to chamber led, of the Countesse he was adread.
 The Countesse would never blin, till she came to Sir Saberes bed.
 Sabere he said where is become, that uncouth lad, that strong fellowe?
 Dame he said, he is dead, at our Countesse and at your reade,
 Loe his cloathes are all blood. Thou lyes said she as thou wert wood.
 But thou that lad take, thou shalt suffer for his sake.
 Bevis heard that she him threat, to her he leapt with heart great,
 And said to her, Dame, doe my master for me no shame.
 The Lady said thou art bold, now to me thy life is sold.
 Sabere and another knight, she called to her anone right,
 Him to them betooke she, and bid them cast him into the sea,
 And cast the Boy amids the streame; Sir Sabere, though thou be his eame:
 But thou doolme this glotton, thou shalt abide for that treason.
 Gladly my Lady certes said he; the childe he led unto the sea,
 They would not doolme him for ought, but another thing they bethought.

The History of Sir

How *Bevis* was sold unto the *Panims*, and carried over the sea into *Armo-*
ny, and was presented to King *Ermine*.

They found ships both more and lesse, of *Panims* and of heathenelle,
They sold the child wth much thought, and to the *Panims* *Bevis* they
Bevis heart wared cold, when to the *Panims* he was sold. (brought.



But yet him list not to rage; over they made good voyage; (wood,
Their sails they drew, the wind was good, they sailed forth as they were
Till they came to the river *Site*, that leads to the Land of *Armony*;
The King *Ermine* of that Land, his wife was dead I understand,
He had a daughter faire and bright, Iosian that faire maiden hight,
Her visage white as lilly flower, that ranne the red colour;
With bright browes and eyes shene, her haire as gold-wire was sene;
With comely nose and lips full sweet, lovely mouth, and fine fete,
With teeth white and even set, her hands were white as violet,
With straigh t body withouten lacke, well shapen both of belly and backe,
With

BEVIS of Hampton.

With small hands and fingers long, nothing of her was shapen wrong.
 Wherefore should I deceive, there was never one fairer on life.
 The Merchants are to Court gon, & presented the King with Bevis anon;
 Wherefore the king was faine & blith, & shaked the Merchants a hundred stith.
 By Mahound, said the King, I were gay, would this child forsake his lay;
 For by Mahound that sitteth on hie, yet saw I never a child with eye,
 That bare so much fairnesse, neither in length nor broadnesse.
 Child, he said, thy name tel me, where thou wert borne, & in what countrey.
 Sir, he said, Bevis is my name, where I was borne thinke I no shame,
 In England my mother bare me, at South-hampton upon the Sea,
 My father thereof was Earle awhile, my mother let fly him by a guile;
 And hath me sold to the Danings; a wickedder woman may none be I wis,
 And I may lye certainly, I shall rebenge my father Sir Guy.
 The King of Armony said; full wel, of Guy of Hampton I have heard tell,
 Many a Palmer and Sarasine, he hath slain with much paine,
 Bevis, said he, I have no heire, but a daughter that is faire:
 And thou wilt the Lord forsake, and to Apoline our God thee betake,
 I shall give thee her to thy wife, and all my land after my life.
 Sir, he said, that will I nought, for all things that ever was wrought,
 Neither for any gift may be, nor for thy daughter that is so free.
 I should doe my selfe dishonour, if I should forsake my creator.
 The King did him no shame; for he was Redfast in his credence.
 The King said, Bevis, while thou art so min, thou shalt be my chamberlain,
 When thou art dubbed a knight, thou shalt beare my banner in fight.
 Bevis answerd milde and still, what you bid me doe, that I will. (night;
 Bevis was lobed of squire and knight, for he was courteous both day &
 Iolian gan Bevis for to love, over all things that was above.
 When Bevis was fiftene yere old, knight nor squire was none so bold,
 That against Bevis durst ride, ne with no weapon him abide.
 The first deede withouten leile, that Bevis did in Heathenesse,
 It fell upon Christmas day; how it was I will you say:
 Bevis rode to field him to solace, and firtie Sarasins met him alas,
 A Sarasingan to Bevis say, Bevis, tell me what hight this day?
 Bevis answered him, I wis, I wot not what day it is,
 For I was but seven yere old, when to the Heathens I was sold;
 Wherefore fellow blame not me, if I wot not what day it be;
 The Sarasins said and lough, we can tell thee well enough,
 This day is Christmas day, that thy God was borne, men say,

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This day thou shouldest thy God honour, with some Nobles as we do our.
Bevis unto a Sarasin said, of Christendome dost thou me bzalde?
I would I were as wel armed in this place, as euer Sir Guy my father was.



For his love that ware the crowne of thorne, & on this holy day was borne,
Would I fight with all the rout, then should men see without doubt,
Whether he were stronger in heauen, or all the Mahounds you can name.
Hearken fellows said a Sarasin, how he despiseth Apoline.
Yet wreneth this Christian hound, that he can bring us to the ground.
We will no longer haue respite, who so doth best shall be sene now right.
Turne thou Bevis, we thee desie, there is nought else but thou shalt die.
All at once on him they swong, and gaue him wounds wide and long.
Bevis had no weapon great nor small, for to defend himselfe withall.
There was no boote for him to pray, but let him doe the best he may.
Bevis was light and quick, and to a Sarasin he gan leape,
And with his fist he stroke so fast, that his chacke bone he all to brast,
The Sarasins swozd he tooke in hand, & felled all that before him stand.
There

BEVIS of Hampton.

There men might see much woe, when Bevis hands began to goe,
 To some he gave such wounds, that they lay grinning like hounds.
 The Saracins were light and sie, assailed Bevis with great enby.
 About Bevis the Saracins did leape, as they had bene a flock of sheepe.
 Of some he gan the wombe down teare, that the guts trailed here and there.
 There was no Saracin that he hit, but his body in sunder he split.
 There might none sie by any side, but Bevis made there abide.
 And Bevis within a little sound, the fittie Saracins brought to ground.
 Great game had Bevis to see then, the hurt Saracins to lie and grin.
 Here is said Bevis in this sound, that God is stronger than Mahound.
 The Saracins flocks homeward ran, without the guiding of any man:
 And Bevis homeward did ride, with bloody wounds on each side,
 He stabled his horse tho, and to his chamber gan he goe,
 To the fresh earth he laid him flat, for to stanch his wounds with that.
 Tidings came to King Ermine, that in despite of his God Apoline,
 Bevis had slaine his men fittie, and to the King done shame and villany.
 The King swore never to eat bread, if it were so, till he were dead.
 When Iosian it heard, she was full woe, and to her father she did goe,
 And said, you ought not to give judgement, till both parties be present.
 Bevis is so milde of mood, I wot he did no man but good,
 (By Mahound and by Termagant) but if he were defendant.
 Then said the King, bring both to me, as Iosian saith so shall it be,
 When we have heard both parties, then will we doe justice.
 Iosian called forth two knights, goe your way she said forth rights
 To Bevis that is so free, and bid him come and speake with me. (had,
 To the chamber they went as she them bad, either the other by the hand
 And when they came to the chamber doore, the one knight went in before
 And said, Bevis, is it thy will, to come speake with Iosian thy fill:
 Bevis lookt up with grim visage, he he said on your message,
 I will not once stirre off this ground, to speake with any heathen hound.
 Unchristened hounds I reed you see, or I your hearts blood will see.
 The knights bled them fast away, and unto Iosian they did say,
 Lady, Bevis called thee hound, thrice within a little sound,
 We would not off goe to him for all the City, he looketh so grim.
 Yes said Iosian, come with me, and certaine I shall your warrant be.
 With the said forth went they, to the chamber where Bevis lay.
 Bevis looked by anone, and Iosian in her armes twaine
 Tooke Bevis, and kissed him so sweete, his sorrow she said she did weete.

The History of Sir

Sir, saide Bevis, grieve no more, though thou art hurt wondrous sore.
 For there is not in Panins Land, better salbe I understand.
 Than I have brought this sound, for to heale here with thy wound:
 Bevis rose up at her bidding, and went forth unto the King:
 On Bevis was there at that tide, twenty wounds long and wide;
 King Ermine then the truth heard, how Bevis and the Sarasins fear'd,
 He had such ruth and pity, that the teares ran downe plenty;
 He said, faire daughter Iohann, heale Bevis wounds if you can;
 I would not as I understand, lose his life for all my land:
 Iohann did Bevis to chamber lead, to stop the wounds they should not bleed;
 With salves and drinks she healed him soft, and ever among she kissed
 So within a little sound, Bevis was both whole and sound. (him off,



How *Bevis* in a morning rose and went to the Forrest
 and slew the wilde Bore.

A Wilde Bore was there about, all men of him had great doubt,
 And all the men that he tooke, with his teth he all to shooke,
 The

BEVIS of Hampton.

The Boze was great and wondrous long, his head was great, & he strong;
 Every man grieved both knight and king, for to come in his meeting.
 Lord, said Bevis, upon a day, whether it is as men doe say,
 Certes my heart will ever be sore, till I have foughten with the Boze.
 Bevis rose up early upon a day, and saddled him his good palfrey,
 He tooke a sword stiffe and strong, a good shield and speare long;
 And forth he picked over the field; Iohán saw and all beheld.
 When Bevis came unto the wood, his shield he tooke that was so good:
 His horse he tied to a thorne, and began to blow his hoerne:
 And about the Forrest he sought, but the Boze found he nought,
 Till he came to the Dibels den, there found he the bones of many men,
 That in the wood the Boze slew, the blood he dranke, the flesh he gnew;
 Kise he said, thou foule beast, thou shalt not here long rest:
 When the Boze of Bevis had an eye, he set his bristles all on hie,
 And stared with his eyes all hollow, as he would sir Bevis swallow.
 Of thee, said Bevis, I have merbaille, well I have spent this travaile.
 A speare to him did Bevis beare; in many places he burst it there:
 All too weake the speare was wrought, for in the Boze boot it nought.
 His sword he drew to him there, but there might no dint him feare:
 Bevis thought at each dint, that he had smitten upon a flint.
 The Boze smote at Bevis so hard, that he was neare faint coward.
 Withou^t rest hard fought they, till it was hie noone of day:
 Lord, said Bevis, helpe and mercy, I am so weary me thinke I die.
 The Boze was feeble and faint also, and from Bevis gan he goe.
 Then said Bevis, yet will not Iesu, that I should lose my vertue:
 Betide, said Bevis, what may betide, one of us shall death abide.
 Bevis smote the Boze with paine; the Boze saw that he turned againe:
 As he came gaping all to wonder, the upper jaw he smote a sunder:
 In at the mouth the Boze he tare, and clobe his heart asunder there,
 And with his sword then in haste, the Bozes head he off caste,
 And on a troncheon of his speare, the head he stuck thence to beare.
 That saw the ffolsters of that forrest, that Bevis had slaine that foule beast;
 They said, we have great disdaine, that he hath the Boze slaine:
 Goe we to him, we will him slay, and take from him the head away:
 When shall we have all the honour, right as we were conquerour.
 As Bevis from the forrest did ride, they him beset on every side: (lone;
 The twelve ffolsters were arrived each one, & Bevis was naked a (away,
 When Bevis wold hand on his sword lay, the scabberd he had, his sword was

The History of Sir

For he had left the sword there, where he slew the wild Boar.
 Then had he nought to weare, but the truncheon of his speare.
 Two Fosters smote he downe, with the stroke of his truncheon.
 Nine Fosters he slew at dints three, and the other three away gan flee,
 Bevis went with the head away: all saw Iosian where she lay,
 Such love on him then she cast, that never failed but ever did last.
 The head of that wilde swine, Bevis presented to King Ermine.
 Then that time rose Bevis price, that was both courtsons and wife.
 Scone after not long during, came a messenger to Ermine King,
 From King Brandmound of Damas, that swore by Mahound and Golias,
 That if King Ermine did not bliese, send Iosian to be his wife,
 In many wayes he would him noy, and all his land rob and destroy:
 And said in the first day of May, he would come and hold that day,
 And take away his daughter then, and all his land destroy and bren.
 King Ermine he was woe and wroth, and sent for Charles & Barons both,
 And told them without faille, that King Brandmound had him battaile.
 A word spake Iosian bright, by Mahound if Bevis were made a Knight,
 He would succour you right well; my selfe saw where he did sell
 Nine Fosters at dints three, and other three away gan flee:
 Yet had he nought to weare, but the truncheon of a speare.
 Therof said the King, shall be no let, but Bevis shall to us be set:
 Then he dubbed sir Bevis a Knight, and made him harnesse for to fight,
 Full well they gan for him purvey, with a great host against that day.
 Bevis, said the King, helpe at this need, for all my men thou shalt lead:
 Arme thee right and take thy shield, for King Brandmound bides in field.
 Bevis put on his hatow, that had wrought many a towne:
 A hauberk Iosian to him brought, a better hauberk was never wrought,
 A Helmet she gave him good and faire, there might nothing it impaire:
 Then to him that faire maid gave Morglay a sword both fine and brabe,
 There was no better under the Sun, many a Land therewith was won,
 Iosian gave him also a Reed, the best that ever on ground yode:
 Full well I can you his name tell, men call this Reed Arundell.
 No horse in the world was so strong, that might out-run him a furlong.
 When Bevis in his saddle did light, Iosian smiled to see the Knight.
 Bevis did his horse blow, for that his horse might it know.
 Bevis had with him as I understand, of bold yeomen twenty thousand:
 And yet King Brandmound their foe, had full twice as many more.
 When Bevis came into the field, King Brandmound stood and all beheld.

BEVIS of Hampton.

A loud laughter made he then, when he saw there was no more men.
Either of the boasts gan other despise, they shot arrowes on either partie:
With their bowes and arrowes, they stue fast on either parties:
And when they were thus fighting, there was earnest and no gameing.
King Bradmounds banner bare Radison, he was as strong as any Lyon:
Bevis at him had great envie; either of them did other despise; (would;
They smote their steeds with spurs of gold, Arundell ran right as Bevis
Both the parties stood and beheld, how either hit other amidst the shield:
Radisons speare all to brast, Bevis speare held and he late fast:
When through their shield and hacon, he bare the great stout Radison;
The speare burst and he fell downe, in his brest he left the trunchowne.
When King Bradmound was abashed; for in Radison he ever trusted:
For he thought he was so maine, that no man might stand him againe.
About sir Bevis they came readily, to revenge his death on the other party;
And Bevis cast not but thought it good, to bathe Morglay in their blood.
A little futher he rode tho, and slew twice as many more.
The Sarasins that with Bevis were, helped him with their power.
Men might see over all, heads tumbling like a ball:
Many Sarasins men might meet, with guts trailing about their feet,
Some all handlelesse gan flee, and some all shanklesse above the knee:
And some their heads off he sent, and some noselesse away went:
And some fled with great wounds, that they lay grinning like hounds:
A many steepe men might see then, with dead Sarasins away ren,
And all the sick and whole, had bene at sir Bevis dole.
Bradmound saw his men mis-fare, two of Bevis knights he took there,
And led them forth and would have fled: Bevis saw they were bested,
He said, abide thou old wretch, art thou come Iolian to fetch?
Yield thy prisoners unto me, I will deliver them from thee.
Such a stroke he gave Bradmound, that man and horse fell to the ground;
Percy said Bradmound, I thee pray, let me live and ransom pay:
Both Cities, Castles, and Towers, I shall thee give with great honours.
Ray said Bevis, I will none of thine; but become servant to King Ermine,
And doe him homage and fealty, for other ransom none shall be.
Well said Bradmound, I had lecher doe so, than here to die in pain & wee.
Bevis charged him in his lay, that he would never by night or day,
Wait King Ermine any treason, but be ready of his fourmen,
And hold him off his land as chiefe, be he loth or be he lisse.

Bevis

The History of Sir

Bevis was King Ermines attorney, to receive homage that day.
 When Bevis had done, he let him go; alas why did he not him see:
 For soon after as you may heare, he served him in worse manner.
 The knights he tooke from Bradmound, Bevis led forth in that stound.
 For great love he would not bin, but them he had unto his Anne,
 And gave them of meat & drink the best, & on his bed did cause them rest:
 And when Sir Bevis had done so, unto the King he then did goe:
 And said, sir B. make good visage, for K. Bradmond hath done thee homage,
 And holds thee for chiefe in field & town, and will be ready at thy summon.
 Then King Ermine was glad and blithe, and thanked Bevis often sithe:
 And said, faire daughter Iosian, I pray thee make much of this man:
 Lead him to chamber, Mahound him save, that therein he rest may have;
 And serve him both of meat and drink, of the best that you can think.
 Then faire Iosian was right glad; to her chamber she him lad.
 When Bevis was set soft on a bed, the boards were laid and tables spred:
 When she had unarmed Bevis, at a board set him I wis,
 And made him well at ease and fine, with rich meat and pleasant wine.
 When they had well eaten, and on a bed together sitten;
 Iosian that was so true, thought she should her love renew:
 She said, Bevis, I vow certainly, above all things I doe love thee:
 And if that thou love not me againe, I shall be dead through woe & paine.
 Then said Bevis, be thou still; me thinks thou speakest without skill:
 Thou maist have unlich, King Bradmound that is so rich:
 In this world is no man, neither King, Duke or Souldan,
 But they would have thee to their Queen, and if they had thee once seene.
 I am a knight of a strange land, and have no more than I in stand.
 Percy Bevis, said Iosian, I had rather have thee for my leman,
 Thy body in thy shirt naked, than all the goods that Mahound maketh.
 Bevis, she said, tell me thy thought; Bevis sate still, and said nought.
 She fell downe and wept sore, saying thou saidst before,
 There is no King that I have seene, but would have me for his Queene:
 And thou thinkest of me great spight, wend out of my chamber right:
 More comely it were thee like, for to hedge and make a dike,
 Than thus to be dubbed a knight, and to dwell among Ladies bright:
 Ooe Churle, and evill maist thou faire, Mahound give thee sorrow & care.
 Damsell, he said, I am no Churle, my father was both knight and Carle.
 To my countrey I will me hie, never after thou shalt me see: (danger.
 Thou gavest me a horse, take him here, I will not keepe him to be in

Bevis

BEVIS of Hampton.

Bevis went forth and would not blinne, till he came into his Anne.
As grieved he was as he were blamed, because Iosian him so shamed:
The two Knights that Bevis loved, asked him who had him grieved:
Bevis said neither good nor ill, but fate him downe and held him still.
When Bevis went Iosian fro, then did begin all the woe,
When she called the chamberlaine Boniface, & his helpe asked in this case;
To Bevis on message she did send, & said, she would all things amend,
All that I bid thee, say truly, and pray him for to come to me.
Boniface his way is gone, to Bevis chamber he is come,
And said, that Iosian did him send, who said she would all things amend,
And all should be after his will, so that he would come her till.
Bevis said, why should we so, she bade me wend her chamber fro.
A robe gave Bevis to the messenger, with other gifts rich and clere,
Well trimmed with great cost; have this he said, for thy haste,
And grete well thy Lady from me, and say, I will her nere more see.
Boniface thanked him then, and so to Iosian went agen:
He said, Lady make good chere, for Bevis will no more come here.
Certes Madame, you did unright, for to miscall so noble a Knight;
For it was never a Charles deed, to give a messenger such a weed.
If Bevis will not come to me, I will not blinne till I him see:
Besall me therefore well or woe, unto his chamber I will goe.
Iosian would no longer blinne, till she came to Bevis Anne.
When Bevis heard her without, as he did sleepe began to rout:
Bevis, she said, awhile awake, I am come peace to make;
Fairer Dame sell then said he, let me alone, and goe from me.
I am weary of fighting full sore, so will I for your love no more.
Perce she said, my lemman swet; she fell downe and began to wepe:
Forgive me what I have mis-said, if ye will be well apaid;
By false gods I will forsake, and Christendome with thee will take.
On that covenant said Bevis then, I will thee love swet Iosian:
He kissed her to accordement, and therefore was Bevis hent. (mound.
The two Knights were there that stound, that Bevis took from H. Brad-
They heard all their covenant, and went to the King in an instant,
And said, Bevis this same day, hath made Iosian forsake her lay,
And surely, he will lye her by, except ye seeke some remedy.
And if he be not sent away, he will destroy all your lay:
It is true by all Wallowes, deliver a these from the gallowes,
He shall thee wait to rob or no; so it fared by these Knights two.

The History of Sir

Bevis delibered them from perill, and they requited him full ill.
 Alas, then said Ermine the King, soze I am grieved at this tidings.
 Sithen that Bevis came not till, much he hath done at my will.
 I would not for all Armony, see any doe Bevis villany;
 But I would faine avenged be, so that the deed I might not see.
 And then a Sarasin to him said, there may be in parchment made
 A letter unto King Bradmound, and will that he be brought to ground.
 As he is true liegeman to you swaene, by Bevis shall the letter be bozne.
 And by Mahound I dare say, Bevis shall never goe quite away.
 When this was brought unto the end, the King did after Bevis send,
 And said, thou shalt go sozth right, & be true messenger as thou art Knight,
 And beare King Bradmound this letter, & ever thou shalt be for the better,
 Some other sure else should beare it, but it shall turne thee to great profit.
 Sir, let me have Arundell and good Morglay, I dare undertake the way;
 Be Bradmound never so wroth or wood, I shall make my party good.
 Wherefoze, said Ermine, thinke thou so: thou shalt but on my message go.
 Take therfoze an easie hackney, that may beare thee away easily;
 It becometh no messenger to lead, on message, so heaby a steer.
 And Bevis, thou shalt to me swaene, that thou shalt truly my letters beare,
 And as thou art true man liefe, not undo the print of my brieft.
 By, said Bevis on Christen Kood; he took his letter and sozth he yode
 Upon an ambling hackney, leaving at home Arundell and Morglay;
 Jesu him comfort and reed, with him he beareth his owne deed.

Let us now of Bevis here, and speake we of his name Sabere.
 After that Bevis from him was sold, his heart for him waxed cold:
 He called to him his sonne Terry, and bid wend for to espie,
 In Sarasins land farre and neave, if he might ought of Bevis heare:
 Palmers word thou shalt weare, so maist thou better of him beare;
 He gave him treasure for to spend; when that is gone God will moze send.
 Forth then gan Chilo Terry fare, to Sarasins land till he came there.
 In many a towne he has sought, yet of Bevis heard he nought,
 Till it befell upon a day, as afterwards I shall you say.

How Bevis went on message to King Bradmound, and how he fought in the Citie of Damace, against the Sarasins that made sacrifice to Idolls, and how he tare them downe and cast them into the dirt, and afterward was taken up and put into prison.

Turn again where we were before, of Bevis of Hampton to speak moze.
 He sozth and passed fast, towards the City of Damace:

¶

The Bevis of Hampton

BEVIS of Hampton.

He rode dayes and nights both, and rested not without oath;
 He rode as fast as he might ride, two or three moꝛrowestie:
 Then list he both to dꝛink and eate, as a weary man both after heate.
 To slepe he had lust, the story tels; that might he get but nothing else.
 Bevis laid him downe to slepe a ffound, & leth his horse balt on the ground:
 When he awoke out of his slepe, no longer he above, but up he did leape.
 He came to a foꝛest faire and broad, and thitherward as he rode,
 He saw a Palmer sit him nere, with bread and wine at his dinner.



Baken Curlewes he had thre, though he seemed poore to be.
 The Palmer saw Bevis was a knight, he bailed his bonnet as was right,
 And said, courteous sir knight, pleasest you here downe to light?
 Much liking I have to the, therefore sir knight pray eate with me:
 Thou maist wish me full even, to a man that I can name.
 Bevis said unto him againe, hunger hath done me much paine.
 Bevis eat and dꝛanke plentie, while he would sit and thereat be;
 Then to speake Bevis began; Palmer, he said, art thou a Christian?

The History of Sir

Where wert thou bozne tell to me, and what thou dost in this countrey?
Then said the Palmer, ye shal understand, that I was bozne in England,
At South-hampton upon the Sea, and came into this countrey,
To seeke after a youthfull wight, forsooth Bevis he was hight:
I shall him seeke till I him finde, though I him seeke to the worlde end,
To bring him into England, to helpe my father with his hand,
Against his step-father for to fight, to winne his heritage and right.
What hight thy father good Palmer? Sir, men call him sir Sabere:
Sir, he hath beene in strife, with sir Guy of Hamptons life:
I left him in an Ile full good, that is inclosed with salt flood.
And every yeare a day certaine, he fighteth with sir Murdure of Almaine,
For to winne his heritage, I have for him undertooke this voyage:
Tell me therefore if you can, with me right unto that man.
Then said Bevis with milde cheere, Bevis have I known this ten yeare:
It is not thre dayes at all, sithen we were both in one hall:
There is no man by Gods ore, in Christendome that I love moze:
We were fellowes lately, he told me his father hight sir Guy.
Sir, said the Palmer, that is he, for Gods love let me him see:
Nay, said Bevis, it may not be so, but on message must I goe:
But goe thou to England againe, & helpe thy father with might & maine.
For when I have my message done, I shall speake with Bevis full soon,
And tell him what I understand, and make him hie into England:
Perchance, with Bevis who is my friend, I also will to England wend.
Sir, said the Palmer in his language, to whom doe you ride on message?
To King Bradmound said Bevis I wend, he is my foe and not my friend:
Sir, said the Palmer, if it thy will be, I pray thee let me the letter see.
Nay, said Bevis, not for woe, so might I shame to my selfe doe:
It shall never unsealed be, till King Bradmound doth it see.
They tooke their leave and gan goe, either thanked other of them two.
The Palmer went to England ward, and Bevis did ride on forward,
Toward the City of Damace, the which was a full pleasant place:
There was King Bradmonds Palace; was never a richer the floze saies,
For both the windowes & the wall, were painted with gold; tower & hall,
Pillar & dozes were all of brasse, windowes of stone were set with glasse:
It was so rich in many wise, that it was like a Paradise.
About the place there was a dike, for bredth and depth few the like:
Over the dike a bridg there lay, that man and beast might passe that way;
Under the bridge were sixtie Wells, full so many as the floze tels,
What

BEVIS of Hampton.

That there might no man passe in, but all they rung with a dinne.
At the Bridge end there was a Tower, painted with Gold and colour;
Rich it was for to behold: thereon stood an Eagle of Gold;
His eyes were of precious stones, of great vertue for the nones,
The stones were so rich and bright, that all the place shone with light.
When Bevis was nere the City, of this place marvelled he;
For sithen Bevis borne was, saw he never such a place.
When Bevis came the City within, great mirth and noyse he saw begin;
The Saracins then did sacrifice, to their Mahomet in their wise,
And Bevis came nere to see, and said, what the Diuell of Hell doe yee?
Why make you Mahound this present, and forsake God omnipotent?
I shall wit before I goe, what Mahound can say or doe.
Bevis leapt unto Mahound, and tooke him right by the Crowne,
And cast him amid the mire, and bade them take up their fire:
The Saracins that by Bevis stood, for ire and teene they wared wood:
They swore all he should deere able, the despising of their Pawmetry.
There was no more to say, but all at once on him they lay.
Bevis saw that, his sword he drew; and all that would abide, he slew.
Then rose the cry in the City, and Saracins gathered great plenty;
About sir Bevis they gathered, because Mahound he despised:
Bevis then did make a floure, at each stroke he felled foure.
With the Saracins he fought so fast, that two hundred to ground he cast.
Within a while men might meete heads tumbling in the street.
To the Palace they gan hastning, for to have succour of the King:
And said, sir, we are annoyed; for many men are nere destroyed,
Through a knight that hither is come: all our Gods he hath pul'd down,
And trodden them under his feet, in the mire amids the street,
And all thy men he hath slaine, that ever did fight him againe:
Sir King, but we have helpe of thee, he will destroy all the City.
King Bradmound said, by my God, be he Diuell or be he wood;
What he is, I will goe see; arme you soone, and come with me:
Forth they went all the rout, from the Kings Palace without doubt.
Right on the Bridge the story sayes, they met him going to the Palace.
When Bevis saw the King with Crown, upon his knees he kneeled down,
And gave him up the deed with his hand, & said, Iesus that I understand
Shapes all the world so round, give thee sorrow King Bradmound:
But Mahound and Apoline and Termagant, which be Gods thine,
Let them give now their blessing, with short life and e vill ending.

Well

The History of Sir

Tell the greeteth King Ermino, and sendeth the a letter in Parchmine,
 And biddeth the his bidding do, as thou art sworne him unto.
 The King of Bevis receiued the Deed, and gabe it to a Clarke to read:
 The Letter bade he should him doe, and that he should not goe him fro,
 For certaine if he passe away, he will destroy all our Lay. (blisse;
 When King Bradmound, heard of this. he made therefore great Joy and
 He said, Bevis, welcome to Court with shame, we will teach the a new
 Thou art he that made me thral, not onely me, but my men all. (game,
 Thou slewest & broughtest my men to ground, & so. within a little sound:
 And hast in despite of Mahound, slaine my men in this sound:
 But blessed euer may Mahound be, that sent the hither unto me,
 For I will be avenged soone, for all the sorow thou hast me done:
 But blame not Bevis verament, but blame him that the hither sent,
 Some said, he shall be slaine, and some, he should be quick slaine:
 Some said, draw him through the City, & some said, hang him on a Tree.
 Bevis he stood still and heard, of all their treason how it far'd,
 And said, sir King it is no reed, to judge me a Dogs deed;
 A Knight I am as well as you, therefore take you counsaile now.
 And grant me armour and feed, sword and speare good at need,
 Sure helme and stalworth shield, and bring me faire into the field.
 And arme your men lesse and more, fifty thousand if they woze,
 And let me tie in battaile right, as in the manner of a knight.
 Then the Saracins cryed all, and to the King gan they call,
 They said, he will your men fold, if you grant him battaile bold.
 Grant him prison through your reed, let him be there till he be dead;
 For in your prison be Dragonstwe, and other Moymes many moe.
 And were he unto prison brought, unto none libeth he nought.
 Wring him thither they all said then, and not in field among your men.
 Then spake King Bradmound, bring him dolone unto the ground,
 For he shall dy with much sorow, all Christendom shall not him be sorow.
 About Bevis they gan dye, as Wæs doe about a Hibe.
 When Bevis saw none other rest, then he began to doe his best,
 With his sword he stood at defence, against them all in his presence.
 Sir Bevis fought that it was wonder, till his sword burst in sunder:
 Alas, said Bevis, and well away, now I want good Morglay;
 But never the lesse, good sir Bevis, brought to ground with his fists
 Sixty Saracins to ground soone, after that his sword was done:
 But euer they gathered moe and moe, and took Bevis with much wee.

And

BEVIS of Hampton.

And bound together his hands fast, that all his fingers on blood out wast.
 They led him straight into the Hall, and set him down in a knights stall.
 A knight him fed with meat & drinke, whatsoeuer he would after think.
 The king had Bevis eat fast, for this he said shall be thy last.
 A hundred Saracins stood then, about Bevis with swords & dawe.
 In chauce if his hands out wast, lest he should make them all agast.
 When Bevis had eaten and made him glad, into prison they him lad.
 When he was at the ground, Bevis bound they unboud;
 For they were sure and fast, that he should not make them agast.
 In the prison when he came downe, there he found a short tunchstone;
 In his hands the same he tooke, and saved his life, so saith the Booke.
 A water through the prison ran, that carried the filth from the man.
 He had not bene there awhile, nor the maintenance of a mie,
 But two Dragons of much might, against sir Bevis came to fight.
 Fast fought both he and they, all the night and all the day;
 The two Dragons never staid, till they had Bevis weary made;
 But by the other day at noone, these two Dragons were fordone.
 His staffe was broken all away, but little in his hand did stay.
 When these Dragons were dead, then could Bevis no better read,
 But thanked Iesu that all shall win, of the care that he was in.
 Seven winters he was there, meat he had some euermore:
 But once aday without lesse, of wheate. When he had but a Dresse,
 For to length withall his life, in povertie, and in great strife:
 Wheate of wheate eat he no more, but of water he had store.
 Mats and Dice, and such like cheare, was his meat that seven yere.
 Thus is Bevis in prison ground, God bying him out whole and sound.

How Iosian demanded of her father for Bevis, and
 of the sorrow shee made.

Speake we now of Iosian that Maid, unto her father he so said.
 Sir Bevis, she said, where is he? full long me thinketh till I him see.
 Daughter, said he, I understode, that he is gone into England,
 And lieth on his heritage, he hath a wife of great parentage;
 A kings daughter wedded hath he, a Merchant I wis told it to me.
 Then was Iosian full woe, and to her Chamber gan she goe,
 And wept for sir Bevis, and thought some treason here to.
 There is no man can tell the sorrow, she made both euen and more.

D

How

The History of Sir

How King Iour married faire Iosian.

Of Mambrant the King, called Iour, a rich King of great treasure,
 As come faire Iosian to wed, and of her father he him sped,
 That granted her to be his wife, and his land after his life. (when;
 When Iosian heard she should be a Quene, against her will it was;
 She had leber withouten lesse, to have been Sir Bevis Countesse:
 Nevertheless sith it is so, against her father she durst not doe.
 Ever she said, sir Bevis, the kind knight of Southampton is,
 He would never me forsake, but some treason did it make:



I shall never untrue be, as thou art Bevis unto me.
 I shall goe now and make a writ, through some Clarke wise of wit.
 That no man shall have grace, while those Letters are in place,
 Against my will to lye me by, nor doe me shame nor villany.
 She caused the Letters to be wrought, on the manner as she thought,
 And put it about her neck, so that no man should her check.

When

BEVIS of Hampton.

When it was to the time sped, that King Iour should her wed,
 He sent for many Noblemen, for the Souldan of Babylon then;
 And for the Souldan of Persie, it is no time their names to descry,
 And praid them both with him to be, when he should wed that Lady free.
 When this feast should beginne, every knight came from his Anne.
 When the feast was all done, King Iour would needs be gone,
 With Iosian that Lady bright, that ever was true both day and night,
 Iosian that was brought to him there, with much thought and great care.
 King Ermine took Arundell also, and saddled him with him to goe,
 And took with him good Morglay, and so King Iour gan he say:
 Have, here I give thee this steed, very strong and good at need,
 Have here Morglay of Steele browne, both they were Bevis of Hampton.
 King Iour thanked him then, and pricked forth befoze his men.
 They were not fully at Mambrant, but the King said by Termagant,
 That he would into the City ride, on Arundell befoze his Wyde.
 On Arundell when he was brought, Arundell had in his thought,
 That it was not Sir Bevis, that on his back he sit I wis:
 He leaped over ditch and thorne, over byer and over cozne,
 Would he never bin running, till he had cast downe the King:
 So soze to ground he him cast, that his back-bone all to brast,
 And had not soone come succour, he had then slaine King Iour.
 They took the horse with much sight, and led him to the Palace right;
 With great ropes they him bound, there was no meat befoze him found,
 Neither oates nor water cleare, there he stood full seven yere:
 But that Iosian him brought, and that with the King nought:
 For his men could not him read, without starving to have him dead.

Iosian is now Queen, Bevis in prison is with much tene;
 Bevis therein was forlozne, he cursed the time he was bozne:
 His haire hanged long and lide, small and simple was his pride,
 On a day Bevis would sleepe, an Adder great on him did creepe,
 And stinged him soze without lye, upon his brow above his eye,
 Bevis awaked, and lowd gan cry, and said Jesu my Lord, mercy,
 This Adder hath bitten me soze, out of my life I would I woze.
 Help Lord, and if it be thy will, and let me never in prison spill.
 With that a light come is, and appeared unto Bevis:
 This light he saw by this sight, by which the wezine lost her light,
 And befoze him all to brast: Bevis saw that, and rejoiced fast.

Sir Bevis was feeble and faint, to Iesu Christ he made his complaint,
 And unto his Father Mary, ruefully began to cry :
 Lord, he said, of Heauen King, that shap'd me and euer thing ;
 What offence have I done to thee, that hence thou wilt not helpe me :
 The Saracins doe me much woe ; haue mercy on me Lord now,
 And giue me grace Heauen to win, and get out of this prison I am in.
 The two keepers heard his complaint, how feeble he was and how faint.
 The one said, hearest thou this fellowne, how he still despiseth Mahound,
 He wæeneth that his God can him save, and succour he thinketh to haue ;
 But by Mahound it shall not gaine ; I shall not rest till he be slaine.
 And sodainly at that word, he let a lampe dōwne by a Cord,
 And said, come dōwne when I call, to helpe whatsoeuer me befall :
 When a sword he took by his side, and by the rope dōwne did glide,
 And smote Bevis in that stound, that he felled him to the ground.
 Lord, said Bevis, why dost thou so : now is my heart in wofull great woe,
 Had I my sword good Morglay, and Arundell my good Balfray,
 For all Damas with their treason, would I not care a button ;
 And now the most wretch of all, without stroke doth make me fall :
 Now I wish I were hanged, if I be not well rebenged.
 Bevis with his fist smote so fast, that his neck he soone brast.
 The other cryed that was above, and said fellow to him in love,
 Hast thou of me any need, that I may come to thee to red :
 Yea, said Bevis, all for guile, come hitber a little while ;
 For I must need haue thy red, or that Bevis will be dead.
 The other keeper no longer abode, but dōwne the rope he rode,
 And saw Bevis whole and sound, and his fellow on the ground ;
 He would haue fled up in that tide, but Bevis said, thou must abide.
 Bevis with his fellows brand, smote asunder through Gods hand,
 The rope above the Saracins head, that to prison to his fellow he yed ;
 Then was Bevis glad and saue, his two keepers he had slaine.
 A day he lay and nought did eat, he thought that life nothing sweet ;
 Yet was Bevis wont each day, while that he in prison lay,
 Of wheat bran to haue a messe, therewith his hunger to redress :
 But when his keepers were so done, bread nor bran he had none :
 That penance was full strong, he thought he liued all too long :
 Iesu Christ Sir Bevis said, helpe me now with a little bread ;
 The rope I may not reach, but if thou me shew or teach,
 Too high he smote the rope asunder, if he it reach it were a wonder ;

BEVIS of Hampton.

But by Gods might, Bevis shipped, he was full light,
 And gate the rope in his hand, and came up I understand.
 When he came up, he saw no light, for it was about midnight.
 But well he heard in the stable, Zoomes ring and make babble.
 Unto the stable doze he went, and smote it open at a dint:
 A doze barre he take in his hand, and flew all that there he fand;
 A good stand forth he brought, and tadded him well enough.
 Bevis rode to the gate full even, and called the Porter with milde steven,
 Rise Porter; anon he said, Bevis of Hampton hath us betraid.
 Scone after the gates were unlockt, and with that Bevis out-leapt.
 The Porter straight his way toke, unto the prison for to luke.
 He found the keepers slaine I wis, but Bevis escaped is.
 The Porter said, by my snout, that same was Bevis that I let out.
 The Porter went to the King and said, how that Bevis had him betraid,
 And had slaine his keepers both; the King therfore was wondrous wroth.
 There were five Kings in the palace, that did him homage, the story saier;
 To them Bradmound made his moane: then they armed them every one;
 A knight there was prond and fierce, men called him sir Granders;
 An horse he had of much price, the which was called Trunchefic;
 He was worth his weight in gold; he would run well upon the mold:
 Sir Granders was the first night, on Trunchefic up he light,
 And rode after sir Bevis; well he thought to win the Price,
 When he was past Damas, he saw Bevis ride apace;
 He said, turne thee dogs whelp, thy God shall thee nothing helps:
 Whough thee I shal get renoune, if thou be Bevis of South-Hamptown.
 When Bevis did unto me say, it is no mastery me to slay,
 For if that here I slaine be, it is through hunger, and not through thee:
 But neberthelesse we will assay, how well thou wilt thy duty pay.
 Bevis turned him full well and faire, they rode together with great aire:
 Such a stroke he gave Grandere, that through helme and halbert clere,
 Heart & body he clove asunder, there he lay in armo, that was wonder:
 Right to the saddle, by head mine, he clove him downe like a swine.
 Bevis Trunchefic some bestrode, he left his owne, and forth he rode.
 King Bradmound with all his host, came riding with host,
 And so fast followed they, that Bevis was driven to the Sea; (slaine;
 He said, if I fight with so many againe, for hunger & febleness: I shal be
 yet will I to the water side I wis, and let God worke what his will is,
 Than to be slaine among them all: helpe me Lord, for now I call.

Bevis

The History of Sir

Bevis made his horse to skip, forty foot into the Sea he leapt,
 The Saracins saw that after came, how the horse with him swam :
 By the help of the Lord of might, the horse bare over that noble knight.
 When he was the water past, the horse him rest and shooke him fast,
 And for febleness in that stound, Sir Bevis fell upon the ground :
 Lord, said Bevis, how hungry am I : if I were King of Armony,
 I would give it without read, for one siver of browne bread.

Forth robe Bevis with great aire, till he came to a Castle faire,
 A Lady over the wall lay : Dame, said Bevis, I thee pray,
 For his love that died on the Tree, one meales meat give to me.
 The Lady answered tho, from my gate I read thee goe,
 Another place is better than here, for here thou gettest a cold Dinner :
 For my Lord is a Giant, and belabeth in Mahound and Termagant,
 And if he know thou be a Christian, he will slay thee with much paine.
 Alas, said Bevis, and swoze an oath, whether he be live or loath,
 Here will I meat eat, to die therefore but I it get.
 The Lady was abashed withall, and went down into the Hall,
 And told her Lord that was so stout, how a man had swozne without,
 That he would eat there his fill, in despite of his goodwill.
 Pea, said the Giant, will he so : a doze-barre he took in his hand tho,
 And out unto Bevis he braid, and thus unto him he said ;
 What art thou fellow ? art thou wise ? where stoolest thou Trunchevice,
 That thou sttest upon there ? he was my brothers Sir Grandere.
 God knoweth then, said Bevis, I shoz his Granderes crown I wis.
 When we met last in battaile, I was his Priest withouten faille,
 And if thou doe with me fight, I may slay thee in my right.
 Alas, said the Giant, for Sir Grandere, his death thou shalt abide full dére :
 At Sir Bevis he smote full soze, but of him he failed thoze,
 And hit Trunchevice in that stound, that he fell down to the ground.
 Bevis leapt off without respite, and at the Giant gan he smite,
 Such a stroke was not struck with hand, since lived Oli er and Rowland,
 The Giant saw that Bevis was strong, he drew out a dart sharp and long,
 Through Bevis shoulder he did it shoot, the blood ran down to his foot.
 When Sir Bevis saw the blood, for ire and tene he waxed wood,
 He smote the Giant then full ill, with all his might and all his will,
 And such a stroke him sent, that helme and head from body went.
 Best and body he clobe downe, with one stroke of his sauchowne.

BEVIS of Hampton.

Now said Bevis, by Moon and Sun, I trow my meat have I well won.
 Dame, said Bevis, stay no more, but give me meat, I hunger sore:
 And thus much take thou of me, of meat and drink no niggard be.
 The Lady durst not him withstand, she led Bevis in by the hand,
 And served him of bread and wine, and afterward of meats fine;
 And of each Messe I wis, she brought unto Sir Bevis,
 He made her to eat first truly, lest she should doe some villany,
 And drink first of the Wine, lest she should put poyson therein.



When Bevis had eaten enough, a white Kerchiefe he forth brough,
 And stopt therewith the wound, to stay the bleeding in that wound.
 Then Bevis into the stable yed, and sabled him a good Steed;
 There would he no longer abide, he took his horse and forth did ride:
 Then Sir Bevis on his way rode, till he came forth all abroad,
 Unto a faire green place: Loze, said Bevis, blessed be thy grace, (spring;
 And now I would that Bradmond King, were here with me and all his
 On this green men should see, whether I would from him see.

Forth

The History of Sir

Forth rode Bevis by the streame, till he came to Hierusalem;
 And to the Patriarch he went full swift, and of his sins he him shewd:
 Of Iosian to him he told the strife, that by right should have bin his wife.
 The Patriarch for his great truth, wept for him, and thought great ruth.
 He kept with him sir Bevis, till he was sound and whole I wis;
 And so bade him on his life, that he should never take any to wife,
 But were she a Maiden cleane: yea said Bevis, so I meane.
 When it came unto the night, Bevis took his leave like a gentle knight.
 On the morrow when it was day, Bevis rode forth on his way.
 As he rode himselfe alone, he bethought whither to gone;
 Whether shall I to England faire: nay, what should I doe there,
 Unlesse I might an host gather, to stay my Dep-father?
 I will, he said, to Armony, to know the cause wherefore and why
 That the King did this treason, for my service against all reason.
 As Bevis rode forth on right, he overtook another knight,
 That would goe forth to Armony, and Bevis bare him company.
 As they rode, at the last, either beheld the other fall,
 And either then the other knew; for sometime they were fellows true:
 Together they kissed after that, he asked Bevis of his estate.
 God knoweth said Bevis and lough, I have had sorrow enough,
 And suffered both hunger and cold, and other paines manifold,
 Through the treason of King Ermine, and sure I would requite his paine;
 Were not his daughter Iosian, this day I would be his haue.
 Iosian, he said, is a wife, against her will with much strife;
 Seven yere it is by Termagant, sithen King Iour of Hambrant
 Iosian in Hambrant did wed, both to board and eke to bed.
 He hath the sword good Morglay, and Arundell that good palfray.
 Where to Hambrant said Bevis thore: sir, he said, it is yonder before;
 To Hambrant ye cannot reach to day, but stay you must by the way:
 Next day he rode forth certaine, till he came to Hambrant plaine.

M Hambrant is a rich City, faire and lovely for to see.
 When sir Bevis of South-hamprowne, came within this rich towne,
 With a Palmer there he met, full faire either other greet;
 Palmer, he said, where is the King? sir, he said, forth on hunting.
 With many knights Southwardes: Palmer, he said, where is the Queene?
 Sir, he said, in her Tower: Palmer, he said, doe me some favour;
 Give thou me thy word, for my cloathing and for my food.

Would

BEVIS of Hampton.

Would God said the Palmer, that I had made that change Sir.
 Bevis gave to him his Steed, so that he might have his word.
 Bevis went to the Castle-gate, many Palmers he found thereat.
 Bevis said, Brethren deare, for what thing abide you here?
 They answered him that there stood, we stand here for some good.
 Bevis knew, who shall it doe: the Queen they said, we hope so,
 Good-chere she doth here make, once a day for Gods sake,
 For all that she hath found here, every day it is seven yere.
 This almes giveth she by my crown, for Bevis love of South-hampton,
 Then said Bevis for Christs love, tell me now ye Palmers poore;
 When this almes shall be done: Sir, they said, at after-noon,
 Bevis said, it is but early day, he went from them anon away.
 He thought he would goe slepe and see, how that it might best be:
 As he came under a Turret, that nere unto the Caille was set,
 He heard Iosian weep and cry, and thus lament full heavily:
 Alas, she said, for good Bevis, the gentle Knight of South-hampton is,
 Alas, I shall never see that day, that with him once speak I may;
 Lord Jesu Christ that I take ill, help me when it is thy will.
 Every day for seven yeres Iosian that Lady faire,
 Was wont much to roote to make, for Bevis of Hamptons sake.
 Anon she start to the Gate thore, for to bring in the Palmers poore,
 Bevis hied fast to the Gate, lest he should have come too late,
 The Palmers pressed in fast, Bevis abode and was last;
 To the Hall she led them every one, and unto Bevis said Iosian anone,
 Thou art welcome unto mee, for I desire to talke with thee,
 Begin thou the Word Palmer, and merrily goe to thy Dinner.
 When the Palmers were all set, Meat and Drink she did them set:
 When she gan to Bevis say, tell me Palmer without delay,
 Hast thou heard any man tell, in any Land where it befell,
 Of in Field, or in Town, of one Bevis of South-hampton?
 I shall make them rich without losing, that of him can tell any tyding:
 Yes Dame said Bevis, and lough, Sir Bevis I know well enough:
 At home in his Countrie, I am an Earle, and so is he,
 And he loveth me as his Brother, and so we did ever each other;
 At home he gan me much to tell, of an horse that height Arundell.
 I asked in many a Land, for that Horse, I understand,
 And sought both farre and nere, and each man saith he is here;
 As you love that same Knight, of that Horse let me have a sight.

The History of Sir

The Quene then without fable, led Bevis into the Stable,
The Quene gan Bevis behold, and unto Boniface she told;
I trow said she, by my Crowne, this is Bevis of South-hamptowne.
But Bevis beard was never thorne, Once of his mother he was bozne.
When Bevis into the Stable came, anon to Arundell he ranne,
And said Arundell, God thee save, without the Towne I would thee have,
With thee I nere came to Mambrant, but with me thou shouldst to Englad.
Arundell in sunder burst Chaynes seven, when he heard Sir Bevis seven,
And forth he ran out of his place, and neighed and made great race,
Alas said Iohan tho, for Arundell I am full woe,
For he will be many a mans bane, ore that he againe be sane.
Pay said Bevis, and lough, I can take him well enough,
If that you will give me leabe, I shall take him I perceibe:
To take the Horse she him prayed, and lead him up; the Lady said,
That there be no more distance, for that I shall thee advance.
I grant, said Bevis, by Gods dome, when Arundell saw his Paster come,
He would never start nor leape, till Bevis on his back did skip.
Bevis on Arundells back him threw, and thereby Iohan him knew,
She said, Bevis love deare, ride not from me in no manner,
Thou promisedst me to Wife to take, when I my false gods did forsake:
Help Bevis at this need, for thou now hast Arundell thy Stead,
I shall fetch thy sword Morglay, and then lead me with thee away.
Then said Bevis thou mightst me blame, it may turne me unto shame,
I lay for thee in prison strong, seven Winters that were long,
And the Patriarch on my life, charged me never to take a Wife,
But she were a Maiden cleane; and seven yeare thou hast been a Quene,
And every night a Knight by thee, how shouldst thou a Maiden be?
Mercy Bevis then said she, have me home to your Countrie,
If you find me not a true Woman, in all that you say can,
Send me hither to my foe, my selfe all naked, and no more.
I grant said Bevis, that you goe, on the covenant that it be so,
Wie you fast, and make you presse, and if with me goe you list.
Boniface stood still beside, and said, Sir, it were best to abide.
Sir Bevis, he said, it is great perill, you shall be taught a better skill.
The King is gone on his playing, and sone he will come from Hunting,
And if he find we be away, he will pursue us night and day,
With all his great Chivalry, of courage stout and hardy,
We shall be drowne thowow the Towne, and hanged like a false fellowne:

Sir

BEVIS of Hampton.

Sir Bevis I doe yee read, Arundell to Stable you lead,
 And at the gate you shall abide, for when the King doth in ride,
 He will aske you of tydings, where you have been, and in what Land:
 We shall tell him readily, that yee came out of Surrey,
 And that the Land was greatly noyed, forns be bzent, and men destroyed,
 And that King Bradwin is, in point to lose his Land & wis,
 Through Syrack and his men, of Antioch that rich City then,
 Look you tell none other, for King Bradwin is his brother,
 And when he heareth this thing, he will goe thither with great ha King,
 With all his power, and all his hoast, then may we goe with litte cost.
 Now, said Bevis, I hold me apaid; he led up the Horse as he said.
 Soone after came the King from Hunting, and of Bevis asked tidings,
 And all him told Bevis thoz, as Boniface told him befoze.
 I have great wonder said King Iour, that he sendeth not for succour,
 The messengers were taken, said Bevis truly, and intreated full evilly,
 That came from King Bradwine, soz to bring the tidings,
 King Syrack hath them in held, I trow Bradwines heart is cold.
 Now said King Iour, I will hye me to that flour,
 With all my power to help my Brother, in his right against the other.
 King Iour gathered a great company, sozth he went into Surrey;
 But his Steward Sir Grassey, he left at home full strictly.
 Then came together in that case, Bevis, Iosian, and Boniface.
 Now is it time said Bevis to go, nay said Boniface yee shall not doe so.
 The Kings Steward, Sir Grassey, is made keeper of my Lady:
 I know an Hearb, said he I wis, that of such a vertue is,
 All those that thereof drink, it shall make their eyes to wink,
 And make them sleep through its might, all a day, and all a night:
 Had Grassey drunk this Hearb with Wine, then might we go very fine.
 When Boniface had done this thing, he rose up without leasing.
 On the moztow withouten misse, Iosian, Boniface, and Bevis,
 They them purveyed as they would, both of Silver and of Golo,
 They hyed them sozth on their way: Sir Grassey awake on the next day.
 When he wist y Queen was with the Palmer gone, he made great mone;
 He made his men them to dight, and gathered great power to fight,
 And he rode sozth all by deeme, after the Palmer and the Quene;
 All Mambrant after them brought, weaponed and armed well enough.
 On every side with a great rout, they beset Bevis round about.
 Then said Bevis to Boniface, then seest we be in a strange case,

The History of Sir

Thou shalt with her abide here still, while I goe fight with him my fill,
They shall abide if that I may, for I have rested many a day,
Had you never so good gaming, as you shall see when we are lanning.
Ray said Boniface unto him tho, forsooth it shall not be so,
I shall bring you lesse in doubt, the Land is beset round about:
A little beside us here, is a Cave in a Rock nere.
Where we once therein brought, we need not care for them ought.
To the Cave they came at last, Grassie searched and over them past,
He went away where he came fro, with great care and much woe.
A l night in that Cave they were, without Meate or Drink there:
Josian hungred on the morrow fore, and to Sir Bevis she complained thore.
Bevis said to Boniface, kepe thou Josian in this place,
For I will goe upon this Hill, to see if I can ought kill,
That we on coales may cast, for Josian may till fast.
Forth went Bevis in that stound, with him he had a good Gray-hound.
Now when Bevis was gon them fro, into the Cave came Lions two,
Grinning and ramping with their feet, and both on Boniface they did leap,
His sword unto him he brought, and armed him well enough,
And gave unto them battell right, but all too feeble was his might,
For anon they him slew, and his bones all togeu.
When they had eaten up the Man, they went both to Josian,
And laid their heads upon her arme, but they would doe her no harme:
For it is the Lions kind I wis, a Kings daughter that a Maid is,
Harme, no scath none to doe, therefore lay the Lions so.
When Bevis came from hunting, in the Cave at the beginning,
As he went in for the nones, he saw a man gnawing to the bones:
Into the Cave then went he, to see what chance there might be:
Josian sat in much doubt, and two Lions her about:
Ah Sir, said Josian tho, come take revenge of these two,
For right-now have they slaine, Boniface my Chamberlaine:
The one will I hold, whiles you make the other cold.
About the neck she took the one, and Bevis had let him alone,
I say, Josian, let him goe free, for I see well a Maiden ye be.
What mastery is it them to doe, in hands when ye hold them so:
Let them come to me both, or in sooth I shall be wroth.
She let goe the Lions without misse, and both they assailed Sir Bevis:
Strong and perillous was the fight, betwixen the Lions and the knight,
They gave him woun as long and wide, they toze his armor on every side:

Bevis

BEVIS of Hampton.

Bevis thereat was fell and wroth, and at one stroke he slew them both :
 For Boniface full woe was he, but when he saw no boot would be,
 He took up Iosian that tide, and on his way forth gan ride.
 They had not ridden but a while, not the mountenance of a mile,
 But they met with a Gyant, with a full furious semblant :
 He was mighty and strong, he was full thirty foot long ;
 He was bristled like a Saw, a foot there was between each brow,
 His lips were great, they hung aside, his eyes hollow, his mouth wide.



He was toothsome for to looke on, he was liker a Diuell than a man,
 His staffe was a young Dake, he would give a great broake.
 Bevis wondred at that sight, and asked him what he might :
 My name is Ascapart, Sir Grasley sent me hither-ward,
 For to bring you home againe, and now am I glad and faine,
 That I have you here found, for together you shall be bound,
 So shall you be led to Mambrant, with a sorrowfull semblant.
 Yet, said Bevis, thou mayst falle, by me thou mayst die in battaile.

The History of Sir

Of Arundell Bevis downe light, and betooke him to his Lady bright;
 And Bevis with a bold heart, with Morglay assayed Ascapart.
 Betwixt them two was great fight, Sir Bevis was nimble and light,
 And start his dints fro, when Ascapart at him did throw,
 If his heart would bcast, he could not one blow on Bevis fast,
 For if he had smitten Sir Bevis once, he would have burst all his bones:
 Bevis skipped here and thore, and gave him wounds wide and sore,
 Then Ascapart was full woe, and smote at Sir Bevis tho.



He smote to hit Sir Bevis crowne, his foot slippt and he fell downe,
 And ere that he rise might, Bevis with his sword was right
 To have smitten off his head, but Iohan did it forbide.
 Sir, she said, you shall him save, and let him live to be our slave.
 Dame, he said, he will us betray, I will be his Priest: she said nay.
 Ascapart did Bevis homage, and became Sir Bevis Page,
 When they went forth all three, till they came unto the Sea;
 A Warke they found ready there, to Christendome for to fare.

There

BEVIS of Hampton.

There were Saracins great plentie, and denied Bevis therein to ferry.
 When Ascapart heard of that, anon, to him he took his Bat,
 He drome them out with much harme, and then Arundell under his arme,
 With Bevis and Iolian to ship he bare, he drow up saile & made good fare :
 They sailed forth south to saine, unto the haven of Coleyne.
 Bevis went into the Land, and soone a friend there he fand.
 The Bishop of the Towne surely, to Sir Bevis was kinsman nie.
 Bevis greet well the Bishop bold, and what he was he him told.
 The Bishop was full well apaid, unto Sir Bevis welcome he said :
 To sit you here I am not faine, my mind gave me you were slaine ;
 Whence he said, is thy Lady thæn? Sir, said Bevis, of Hethenesse a Queen:
 For her I have suffered much pain, & she would become a Christian sain.
 He said, what is thy bad visage? Sir, said Bevis, he is my Page.
 He must be Christned also, though he be black and blo.
 The Bishop Christned Iolian, that was as white as any Swan :
 For Ascapart was made a font, and when he shoulde therein be put,
 He leapt over the Bench, and said, out Churle, thou wilt me drench?
 The Devill of Hell thy bane may be, I am too big to be Christned of thee.
 The folke had good game and lough, but the Bishop was wroth enough.

How Bevis slew a fierce and dreadfull Dragon in the Land of Coleyne.

Now is Bevis in Coleyne Land, through the helpe of Christs hand :
 There gate he great renowne, by the slaying of a Dragon :
 For when Lancelot Du Lake, fought with a burning Drake,
 Guy of Warwicke I understand, slew a Dragon in Coleyne Land;
 But such a Dragon was never sene, as Sir Bevis slew in Coleyne.
 Bevis went to bed at night, with much joy and Morch-light,
 And after his first sleeping, he heard a ruefull crying :
 The voyce said in his crie, Jesu my Lord have mercie,
 I rot, he said, Bone by Bone, my death is comming me upon.
 Bevis therefore had great sorrow, and asked him on the morrow,
 And said what meant the crie? They answered, and told him why;
 They said it was a gentle Knight, that was strong and bold in fight,
 As he rode through the Towne, he met with a fell Dragon,
 That with venome, on him throwne, the Knight had all to blowne :
 Sir, I shall tell you all the case, how the Dragon came to this place.
 In the Land of Calabour men tell, were two Dragons great and fell,

These

The History of Sir

These two Dragons there did stay, for seven yere both night and day,
 All that came, both man and beast, on every side, East and West.
 There was none in that Land, that was full of Gods land.
 He made request to God above, that he would for his mothers love,
 Deliver out by his holy grace, these two Dragons from that place :
 Then these two Dragons downe fell, and had no power there to dwell.
 Then they flew into Tuskaine : many men have they there slaine ;
 From Tuskaine into Lumbardie, there they did great villanie.



The one Dragon by Gods doome, flew to the Court of Rome :
 He there rested his cursed bones, some say in a Cave of Stones ;
 Men say he is there yet, enclosed by Clerkes wit.
 The other Dragon we understand, flew hither into Colleyne Land.
 Within a mile hence lyeth he, not farre distant from the Sea :
 All Colleyne Land round about, have of him great feare and doubt :
 That Dragon was here this night, and hath destroyed the said knight.
 Lord Christ, said Bevis tho, may no man the dragon slay ?

Certaine.

BEVIS of Hampton.

Certaine they said without fable, all Christendome is not for him able,
 But if Michael come downe, can no man slay that Dragon.
 Sir Bevis called Ascapart him to, and asked him what they should doe:
 Willt thou, said he, with me goe, for to see the Dragon we two?
 By chance if we with him fight, we may him slay by Gods might.
 I am ready, said Ascapart, truly: have done, anon let us thither hie.
 Bevis armed him, and forth his ride, and Ascapart went by his side:
 When they were past the Citie, and were nere where he should be,
 The Dragon cast up such a yell, as would have fear'd the Devill of hell,
 Ascapart said with heavie cheare, hearest thou what I doe heare?
 Yes, said Bevis, have no doubt, the Dragon sure is here about:
 Boldly shall we to him goe, by Gods grace we shall him slue:
 Bevis rode forth a good pace, whereas he troved the Dragon was.
 Surely said Ascapart tho, I will homewards again go,
 For I would not for all Pavie, see the Devill that made that cry. (feard:
 What Devill, said Bevis: art thou mad? I thought nothing could thee have
 For shame wilt thou afraid be, of any thing ere thou it see?
 Sir, he said with heavie cheare, I will him neither see nor heare.
 Well, said Bevis, wilt thou not so? I will him slay ere I goe.
 Ascapart further would nought: Bevis rode forth, and there fought.
 The Dragon cast up a loud crie, as it had thundered in the skie;
 He turned his belly toward the Sunne, it was as big as any Tunne,
 His scales were bright as the Glasse, and hard they were as any Brasse,
 Betwene his shoulders and his talle, was forty foot without faille;
 He weltered out of his Den, and Bevis pricked his steed then,
 And to him a speare he so thrust, that all to shivers he it burst.
 The Dragon gan Bevis to assaile, and smote Sir Bevis with his talle,
 When downe went horse and man: two ribs of Bevis were bruised than.
 Up start Bevis with good will, and ran after the Dragon still;
 And good Morglay out-braid, and on the Dragon fast he laid:
 But for no stroke that he did strike, would his Morglay on him bite.
 The Dragon was grieved soze, and smote at Bevis more and more,
 And gave him many a wound, and felled him oft to the ground:
 What for weary, and what for faint, sir Bevis was nere attaint. (ward,
 The Dragon followed on Bevis so hard, that as he would have fled back,
 There was a well as I wene, and he stumbled right therein.
 Then was Bevis afraid and wee, lest the Dragon should him slue,
 So that he might away passe, when he in the well was,

The History of Sir

Then was the Well of such vertue, through the might of Christ Iesu:
For sometime dwelled in that Land, a Virgin full of Christs sand,
That had been bathed in that Well, that ever after as men can tell,
Might no venemous worme come therein, by the vertue of that Virgin,
Nor nigh it seven foot and more. When Bevis was glad therefore,
When he saw the Dragon fell, had no power to come to the Well:
Then was he glad without faile, and rested awhile for his availe,
And drank of the water his fill: and then he leapt out of the Well,
And with Morglay his Brand, assailed the Dragon I understand:
On the Dragon he stroke so fast, that where he hit, the scales brast.
The Dragon then fainted sore, and cast up a Gallon more,
Out of his mouth of Venome strong, and on Sir Bevis he it flong,
Which was so venemous I wis, that when it was on Sir Bevis,
His armour burst at that sound, and he fell dead on the ground,
There was no life in him sene, he lay as a dead man on the grene;
The Dragon smote him without faile, that he turned top and talle,
But therefore he took no keepe, he lay as a dead man asleepe:
He smote Bevis, as I you tell, till he smote him into the Well,
That was of so great vertue that time, for it would suffer no venime,
Through vertue of that Virgin, that was once bathed therein.
When Bevis was at the ground, the water made him whole and sound,
And quenched all the venome away: this Well saved Bevis that day.
When he felt him whole & light, and knew that Well of so great might,
Then was he a joyfull man, he was as fresh as when he began.
He knoled dolone in that place, to Jesus Christ he called for grace,
That he would send him might, to slay the Dragon in sight.
Bevis blest him, and forth yode, and leapt out with heart full good.
And Bevis to the Dragon gone is, and the Dragon to Sir Bevis.
Long and hard was the fight, betwixt the Dragon and the Knight,
But ever when Bevis was hurt sore, he went to the wel & washt him thore,
He was as whole as any man, and ever as fresh as when he began.
The Dragon saw he might not availe, beside the Well to hold battaile.
He thought he would with some wile, out of that place Bevis beguile:
He would have flown then away, and Bevis leapt after with good Morglay,
And hit him under the wing, as he began to take his flying:
Where he was tender without scale, then Bevis thought to be his bale,
He smote after him as I you say, with his sword good Morglay,
Up to the hilts Morglay yode, through Heart, Liver, Bone and Blood:

BEVIS of Hampton.

To the ground fell the Dragon; great joy then Sir Bevis began:
Under the scales all on hight, he smote his head off forth-right,
And put it upon a speare, and alway he did it beare.

He went to Colcyne that tide, with great joy and much prid.

When they of the Citle saw Bevis, come with the Dragons head, I wis,
All the Bels then began to ring, Priests and Clerks then did sing,
And brought Bevis into the Towne, with great joy and renowne:

Then was Bevis name in honour, every man did him favour.

In every Land is now spred, Sir Bevis great praise and laud.

Glad was the Bishop tho, that Sir Bevis had bozne him so.

BEvis did goe upon a day, to the Bishop where he lay, (ther
And said: What is your reede, Sir: I would go to rebenge my Fa-
Of that wicked Fellow that slew him by Treason,

If I might by any gin, my heritage again to win:

And Sir, you are my Fathers Brother, and Sir Sabere is another;

Of you two I must have counsaile, for surely I will him assaile.

Sir, said the Bishop, anon right, Sir Sabere is a doubtis Knight,

For every yere on a day certaine, he fighteth thy Step-father againe,

With a great Waronage, for to win the Heritage:

I will thee find at my costage, an hundred men and pay them wage,

And goe to Sabere thy Uncle right, he lives now in the Ile of Wight.

Sir, he said, I thank you truly: but let these men be sone ready.

Sir Bevis went then to Iosian, and tooke his leave of his Lemman,

And said, My Lady, I must goe, for to weake me of my foe,

For to win into my hand, all my Heritage and my Land:

And here still shall you be, and Ascapart shall be with thee,

He shall have bet oz I wend, money enough for to spend.

Iosian saw it must be so, he kissed him, and he forth did goe.

Forth went Bevis with a rout, of hardy men, bold and stout,

That the Bishop him gave: so long on the Sea they drabe,

Till they came to a Towne, but two mile from South-hamptowne:

Then said Bevis to them tho, is there any man that will goe,

Unto Sir Murdure of Almaine, and say there is come an Almaine,

With doubty men not far distance, the best of the Realme of France;

And say we be come into this Land, for we be given to understand,

There should be great war and fight, betwæn him and another Knight,

And we will help him in that stout, if he will lend my men armour.

The History of Sir

And if he will not doe so, to the other we will goe.
A Knight went forth on that message, that noble was of linage.
When he came to the Castle-gate, the Porter let him in thereat,
And to Sir Murdure was he led; he told to him as Bevis said.
Murdure then was hereof full faine, he rose up and went them againe;
And brought Sir Bevis into the Hall, and faire saluted them all.
Bevis was Sir Murdures Guest, that night he did him feast.
His owne Mother without lesing, made Sir Bevis great feasting.
Murdure asked what he hight, Gerrard, he said, I you plight.
Gerrard, he said, I wis, this Countesse which her is,
An Earle had her ere I her wed, and gate a childe by her in bed:
When the Earle to death was brought, the youth anon wared nought.
His Father was of Noble blood, and his Mother in all things good.
The Boy when he came to age, sold to me his heritage;
He spent his silver with much blame, and went out of the Land for shame.
Now cometh his uncle, a hardy Knight, that dwelleth in y^e Ile of Wight,
And challengeth his heritage, with a full bold Baronage:
And oftentimes with his great rout, destroyed my Land round about.
This is the cause Sir Gerrard, that either warre on other hard.
When Sir Murdure had all said, Bevis sate still and was evill apaid,
And thought Lord whether shall I do, this false Traytor ere I goe:
So, thought Bevis truly, it will turne to villany:
Then men might daeme by reason, that I slew him by treason:
It would me blot with cowardise, if I him slay in this wise:
Therefore I will not assaile, I will him slay in platne Battaille.
When Bevis awhile had sitten still: Sir, he said, will you heare my will,
I have hither company brought, but in armour be they nought:
They might not armour lead, but it noyed them as they yead:
And few horses, I wis, have we, left them for carrying beyond the Sea.
Lend me horse and armour then, for to harnesse all my men:
And if you have any shipping too, that we may to the Ile goe,
This night will I live or die, on him that is your enemy.
As thus within a little while, you shall heare a quaint guile.
Sir Murdure did as he bade, and the men with armour clad,
And ordained him shipping good, and brought them unto the flood,
And forth they went all by night, untill they came to the Ile of Wight.
Sabere cut of the Castle lay, and heard much noyse and great array,
And saw a ship to land was sight, with many heads and helmes bright,

BEVIS of Hampton.

And had wonder what they were: but Bevis displayed his Banner there,
 For to make glad Sir Sabere, of his Father Sir Guyes armere,
 For many a time there befoze, were those armes in battaille bozne.
 Sabere knew the Cognisance, and made then good semblance.
 And said, certes I understand, that yonder is Bevis now come to Land.
 Sabere went thither all in haste, where the ship was made fast,
 And welcom'd Bevis with joy and blisse, and either the other then did kisse.
 And thanked God for his grace, that Bevis was come unto that place.
 Forth went Bevis and Sabere, with their men without feare.
 Bevis told his Came there, how he deceived his step-father.
 Bevis asked forthwith than, if that there were eber a man,
 The which durst goe I wot, to South-hampton in a Boat,
 And tell Sir Murdure this night, that it was not a French Knight,
 Neither that he hight Gerrard, that made not with him forward:
 But say it was Bevis of renstone, right heire of South-hamptonne,
 And say, the Countesse is my Dame, the devill give the both much shame;
 And say he will avenged be, for slaying of his Father Sir Guy:
 And who so for me will doe this, shall be well rewarded I wis.
 Up start a knight with a bold visage, which undertook the message;
 And armed him forthwith full hot, and went soone into a Boat:
 When he came to the other side, unto the Castle straight he did ride,
 And found sir Murdure at his supper, with good semblant & merry chear.
 The knight on his knees him set, and sir Murdure saide then did he greet,
 And said, sir Murdure, I doe bring, unto thee a certaine tidings,
 That the knight is not Gerrard, that to day with thee made that forward:
 He hight Bevis of South-hampton, he is my Ladies owne sonne:
 I heard him so to Sabere speak, his Fathers death he will soone weake,
 And win he will his heritage, of them that have done him outrage.
 When Sir Murdure heard that word, he cast his knife over the Board,
 To have smitten the messenger, but he fallen as you may heare,
 And smote his son upon the brest, that he never after spake with Priest.
 Then rose there a noyse and crie, the messenger then forth did fle,
 And thought not good to dwell there long, but out he leapt into the throng,
 And smote his horse with his spurs, when he came without the doores.
 Faire and well he gan him dight, till he came to the Ile of Wight,
 And told Sir Bevis and Sir Sabere, how Murdure sitting at Supper,
 His owne son for ire he slew; Bevis had good game when he it knew,
 And gave the messenger without grudging, forty pound for his riding.

The History of Sir

How a Knight that hight *Miles*, came and wooed *Iofian*, and wedded her against her will.

Let us of them be still then, and speak we now of *Iofian*,
That in *Colaine* dwelled still, where she had not all her will:
There dwelt a Knight that hight *Miles*, in the Land of *Colain* that wiles:
On *Iofian* his love he cast, and wooed her wondrous fast:
But all his speech turned to nought, for nothing could change her thought.



The Carle was wroth in his maner, for *Iofian* made him in great dāger;
And in his anger he down him sate, and to *Iofian* he spake words great:
I will have of thee my will, whether it turne to good or ill.
Sir, said *Iofian*, the worst let be, I dread thee not at all truly:
For if thou cause me to smart, I affie me in *Ascapart*.
Certainly, quoth *Carle Mile*, I shall him by some manner beguile.
When he saw he might not speed, up he rose and forth he yede:
He made a Letter to be written right, on this manner it was right,

From

BEVIS of Hampton.

From Bevis as a Letter would, that Ascapart come should
 Unto a Castle in that Ile, lying from Coleyne but a mile.
 When Ascapart heard that sondo, he took his Bat in his hand,
 And went forth with the messenger, in great haste till he came there.
 When he was well within, the messenger knew a quaint gin:
 Within he left Ascapart, and locked the gates to him hard;
 He rowed himselfe to land again, and told sir Mile of the train.
 When had the Carle no dread, but to Iosian again he yed;
 And said, Lady now mone, for Ascapart from me is gone,
 In a Castle within the Sea, fast locked sure is he.
 Then was she full ill apaid, and to a messenger she said,
 Goe then to ship this dark night, and passe forth to the Ile of Wight,
 And bid Sir Bevis for any thing, come to me without letting,
 And he will have me on libe, I pray thee goe to him blibe;
 I shall thy rewarde well pay, doe thy errand without delay.
 The messenger went forth away, there was no more then to say.
 And sir Mile sone after then, came unto faire Iosian;
 And first he would have lyeu her by: Sir, she said, have mercy,
 For I have sworne by God truly, that no man shall lye me by,
 Although therfore I lose my life, untill he wed me to be his wife.
 If thou wilt me sponse and wed, thou shalt have me to thy bed.
 Gladly my Lady, then said he, to morrow shall we wedded be:
 He kissed her anon as his right, and sent both for Baron and Knight,
 That should be of his company, at the wedding for to be:
 For he would be wedded privily, the next morning very early.
 On the morrow he forgot nought, but they to the Church were brought:
 They early then began to wed, both to boord and eke to bed.
 When the wedding was all done, by that it was high noone;
 Charles and Barons were sone set, and rich meat was forth set,
 Where lacked nought certainly, of rich meat and minstrelle.
 When it grew toward night, a rich supper there was sight,
 And afterwarde verament, as the Lady to chamber went:
 Within her bed when that she was, the Carle came and did rejoyce,
 With Barons and great company, and Bossets made with Spicery:
 When they had drunken wine: Sir, said Iosian, and Love mine,
 Let no person here be this night, to heare our privitie,
 Neither Knight, maiden, nor swain, my selfe shall be your Chamberlain.
 He said, Lemman, it shall be so; man and maid he bade out goe:

The History of Sir

He shut the doore well and fast, and set him downe at the last :
 To have a Curtaine it was Lawd : befoze the bed she did it draw :
 Then on a Circle without lesing, she made a knot riding :
 About his neck she threwo it thoz, and strangled him without moze :
 Then on a beame she hanged him hie, and let him hang for his folly.
 The night passed in that wise, the Barons gan for to arise,
 Some in hunting, and some to Church, and work-men rose to go to work.
 The half day passed without faille, the Barons had of him much marbaille,
 Some said let him be still, of Iosian he hath his will.
 After when it dze to noone, a Baron spake then full soone :
 I marvell how this may be, I will go to that Chamber and see.
 He smote the doore then so fast, that open flew it at last :
 Arise, he said, Earle Mile. for thou hast slept a great while,
 Thy head aketh I wot well, hast thou need of a candle ?
 Nay, said she, I undertake, his head shall never moze ake :
 I have charmed him for that soze, that his head shall nere ake moze :
 For I have unknit the Wedding, ponder you may see him hanging :
 He shall never woman spill, doe with him whatsoeber you will.
 All they made great sorow : the next day on the morrow
 She was judged verament, in the fire to be bzent ;
 Without there was set a stake, and great fire they did make :
 In the Castle lay Ascapart, full heable ever was his heart,
 And had great wonder truly, what the fire would signifie :
 He thought in his heart then, Iosian some woe was in ;
 In the Castle where he was lockt, a Turret he had all to broke :
 He was so woe and wood, that he leapt into the Sea and,
 And fast by him it chanced, that a Fisher came that tibe :
 Then Ascapart took his Boat in hand, and rowed himselfe unto the land,
 Toward the folke he gan toke, Bevis came after and him ober-took :
 And said, these, where hast thou been : and where hast thou left my Queen ?
 Sir Bevis Lord mercie he said, the Earle Mile hath me betraid.
 Towards the fire they hied them blibe, the Blessd gan Iosian to thrive :
 Christs blessing have we among, for that he taried by her so long.
 When the fire was all ready, in her smock she stood thereby.
 Right as they should her bzen, on Arundell Bevis gan ren,
 And in his hand good Morglay, and Ascapart went another way :
 And all they that about her found, Bevis feld to the ground,
 There was neither Knight nor Swaine, that passed away unslaine.

And

BEVIS of Hampton.

And that made the false Carle Mile, for his Treason and his gulle.
 Bevis took with him than, both Ascapart and Iosian,
 And went forth anon right, till he came to the Ile of Wight.
 Sir Sabere welcommed with good heart, Bevis, Iosian, and Ascapart.

Now Sir Bevis and Sir Sabere his Eame, sent their messengers far and wide,
 for men of Armes, to succour them in that tide against Sir *Murdure*,
 that held *Bevis* heritage by Treason that was imagined by the wicked
 woman his Mother: and how in the field *Ascapart* bare *Murdure* and
 his Horse, maugre all the hoast, into the Castle, and how he was sod-
 den to death in a Cauldron.

Sabere and Bevis sent their sond, wide about into every Lond,
 After right great Chivalry, of stalwoorth knights plenty.
 That they might find for them, both stout and hardy men,



They spared neither Silver nor Gold, for the best men have they woulde.
 Bevis was courteous and free, to every man in his degree.

The History of Sir

There came Carles and Barons I wis, for to succour Sir Bevis,
 There came Knights, Squires & Pages, each one had of him good wages,
 And rich gifts more and lesse, each man after his doughtinesse:
 Therefore each man him sought: he took and left what he best thought.
 Ever he chose of them the best, that he could find East or West.
 Sir Murdure much sorrow made he, when he saw Bevis had such a many:
 The Countesse said, dread ye nought: of good counsell I am bethought,
 Ye shall send forth with certaine, after the power of Almaine,
 Also ye shall send your son, after my father into Scotland,
 He will come to you readily, with a full great company;
 And we may have many more, out of England and Wales also;
 Therefore should you dread then, when you have so many men?
 If Bevis see you have this rout, he will flye away for doubt.
 Sir Murdure did by her counsaile; the messenger went without faille,
 That afterward without tarrying, to Hampton came Prince and King.
 There came with the King of Scotland, the number of five thousand:
 There came out of Almaine, with Sir Moris of Waine,
 Four thousand with Helmes brygh, all well armed for to fight.
 And Sir Murdure, had also, three thousand men and more.
 Now Lordings, said Sir Murdure, you that come me to succour,
 Often you have heard speak parde, of the strife betwixen Sabere and me;
 And now to help him for to fight, is come Bevis a Noble Knight;
 Ever I thought he had been dead, what is therefore your best read?
 He threatneth me for to be slaine, and that he will have his land againe:
 A Gyant with him he hath brought, an earthly man sameth he nought,
 Neither of flesh, nor yet of fell, for he is like the Devill of hell;
 When call him Ascapart throughout, of him forsooth I have great doubt:
 But Lordings, he said, Arme you well, both with iron and eke with Steele.
 Though Ascapart be stiffe and starke, many hands make light worke.
 When his host was armed and dight, they shipped to the Ile of Wight,
 And all the Ile was then bespread, with the power Sir Murdure led.
 Sir Sabere looked out at a Towre, and saw the host of Sir Murdure,
 And all hastily downe did goe, for to tell Sir Bevis so:
 And said, Bevis now counsaile, I frow it would us well abaile,
 In this Castle to hold us still, and to defend us from all ill,
 For such an host as hath Murdure, saw I never in no flour.
 Goe away Sabere, said Bevis sho, for if they had as many more,
 Against us they have no might: they have the wrong and we the right,
Arme

BEVIS of Hampton.

Arise you all, Bevis gan crie, then they made haste readily:
And you shall have sir Sabere, thre thousand under your Banner,
And I as many will lead, of doubtle men good at need,
For I will have the fore-ward: and then he said to Ascapart,
Thou shalt stay here truly, with thre thousand men hardy.
When we have medled a stound, and each brought other to ground,
And that the stour is most strong, hie the thither and stay not long.
For thre thousand of fresh men, good help will doe us then.
Bevis then his Horne did blow, that all his men might him know:
By that his blowing sir Murdure, knew they gathered to the stour.
He said, Lordings, without faille, now cometh our foe to battaile,
We yee hardy and stout also, for we be as many mee.
Two battailes did they make, the King of Scotland did take,
Sir Murdure the other lad, either of them ten thousand had:
The first that out of the Castle came out, was sir Bevis with his rout,
And Sabere with his company, came after full boldly.
Either Host gan other desie, and every man made him ready.
Sir Moris of Waine, rode fast sir Sabere againe,
And Sabere met him so, I wis, and such a stroke he gave sir Moris,
That quite along gan he cleave, from the shoulder arme and flabe.
Befoze the Please went sir Bevis, on every side he slew, I wis,
There might none with him stand: that saw the King of Scotland;
He pressed in with his rout, and beset Bevis round about:
Bevis then would not stay, but made roome with good Morglay;
He would by no meanes stint so, till he came the King unto,
And such a stroke he him sent, that horse and man to ground went:
But such succour came to him tho, that time sir Bevis did not him see:
But ere that he was horsed again, many men Bevis had slain.
Forth pressed Bevis in the theng, on every side down he slong;
He never stinted in that stour, till he came to sir Murdure.
Trayto, he said with great enbie, turne thee now I, thee desie.
When Murdure saw he was bested, he turn'd his back & would have fled,
And Bevis smote after with good Morglay, but missed him there, wel away,
From his back the stroke fell down, and hit upon the saddle cropstone,
And smote asunder to the ground, horse and saddle both in that stound:
But there came hastily succour, and horsed againe sir Murdure.
Full stoutly then did he abide, the people died on every side.
Bevis rode forth and Arundell, on every side he did them sell:

The History of Sir

Some lay bléeding as a Swine, and some begin then to pine,
He soone their blisages did pare, that men might see their téeþ bare,
Where went none unmarkt away, that he might hit with Morglay.
For so grieved was he, where he had one, they had threé.
But Bevis and Sabere bare them so, against one he flew two.
When the throng was thus smart, then forth came Ascapart,
All on foot I you sweare, for there might no Horse him bare :
He tooke his Staffe into his hand, and flew all that nere he fand.
When Ascapart came with his rout, then did Sir Murdure great doubt,
For he brought with him then, threé thousand fresh-men,
And laden on every side, and flew all that would abide.
Great pity men might have sene, of the murther that there had bane.
Fearfull they were of Ascapart, for he smote so soze and hard,
That threé thousand they might see, flye and drowne them in the Sea.
Bevis called Ascapart him tell, and said, fellow heare my skill ;
Looke that you take good heed, to him that rideth on the white Steed,
And beare him alive into the Towre, for that same is Murdure.
Yes said Ascapart tho, we shall save him ere we goe.
Ascapart with his Staffe, many their deaths did he graffe :
With great strength and much pain, he came to Sir Murdure of Almain ;
And all on Horse as he fate there, under his arme he gan him beare,
Then began Murdure's men to hie, to rescue him he should not die.
The King of Scotland with his rout, beset Ascapart round about.
And then Sir Bevis and Sir Sabere, came thither with their power,
And flew all that would stand, to the number of one thousand,
And mangre if they had swozn, Murdure was to the Castle hozn. (set,
The King of Scotland then did fret, when he saw Murdure to the Castle
And all his men down smitten, he turned his back to have flyen ;
Then they would no longer abide, but flew them down on every side.
Sir Bevis and Sir Sabere, chased them with their power :
So fast followed they, that many fled into the Sea.
And they that stood them againe, they were all maimed and slaine :
Some their shanks by the kné, and some were parted into threé :
Some their Nose, and some their Lip ; the King of Scotland had a ship,
And fled away soone by the West, to the place that liked him best.
Bevis and Sabere turned again, into the Castle glad and faine :
Sir Bevis without any let, made a Cauldron on fire be set,
Full of Pitch and Brimstone, a worse death was never none :

When

BEVIS of Hampton.

When the Cauldron boyled hard, Mordure was cast into the midward:
 That death died he truly, for the death of good Sir Guy.
 Whereof heard the Countesse, that Sir Mordure dead was;
 She stood above in a Towre, so true she was for Sir Mordure,
 She leapt down and brake her neck, I beshrow them that doe it weck.
 When Sir Bevis the tydings heard, of his Mother, how she far'd;
 As sorry was he for her, as he was for his Stepfather.
 Soone after good Sir Bevis, come to South-hampton is,
 To take possession of his lands, that had ben long out of his hands:
 The Burgeses with much pride, to meet Sir Bevis forth gan ride,
 And brought Sir Bevis fare and well, to Hampton to his own Castle,
 Of Hampton all the Baronage, came and did Bevis homage.
 Then was Bevis glad and faine, that he had his enemies slaine.
 Then Bevis the sooth to faine, sent to the Bishop of Coleyne,
 That he would not for any thing, but have him at his Wedding.
 When he was thither come, two Knights took Iofian anon,
 To Church then they her led, the Bishop himselfe on the Book read:
 And unto Bevis she was wedded blibe, unto the ending of their liue.
 Now hath Bevis recovered his state, two children on her he gate,
 The first night together they lay: afterward I to you say,
 Sabere counsell'd him there, to goe to London to King Edgare,
 To make him Homage, as reason would, of his lands he challenge & hold.
 Sir Bevis did after his counselling, and went forth befoze the King,
 And proffered to doe him Homage, as it pertained to his heritage.
 King Edgare asked what he might, and what he claimed for his right.
 Sir, he said, my name is Bevis, the Carlebot of South-hampton mine is,
 After my father Sir Guy, that was slaine for his Lady,
 By Sir Mordure of Almaine, and thanked be God he is slaine.
 Bevis, said the King, I hold me paid, I grant that thou now hast said.
 The King his Marshall called he hand, and said deliver me the wand,
 For Guy his father was my Marshall, and Sir Bevis his sonne so be shall.
 The wand to Bevis the King taketh, and his Marshall him maketh.
 Bevis is now of great might, beloved both of King and Knight:
 Each man both Carle and Baron, loved and dreads Bevis of Hampton,
 For largely would he spend, and Gifts both give and send
 To every man after his estate, no man had cause him to hate,
 He was so courteous and so kind, that every man was his friend:
 Save Sir Brian of Coynewale, he hated Bevis without faille.

The History of Sir

For Bevis had those Offices, that sometime were his.
In Summer at Whitsonside, when knights on horse-back ride,
A course they made upon a day, Steeds and Palfreyes to assay;
Which horse the best did runne, thre mile the course was then,
He that best ride could, should have forty pound of gold.
Sir Bevis was apaid well, for he trusted in Arundell.
On the morrow when it was light, thither came both Baron and knight,
With faire steeds and much pride, that in that course would ride,
Two knights were stolne before, a large halfe mile and more,
That none of his fellows wote, Bevis with his spurs smote,
On Arundell, so saith the Book, and amid the way he them osetook,
He rode the course in a while, ere they had thought he had rid two mile.
Now hath Bevis the Prize won, though Arundel that well did run.
Wherefore with that and other cattell, he made the Castle of Arundel,
The horse was praised in that place, for both swift and lusty he was.
The Kings Sonne and Heire, thought the horse good and faire:
And to Bevis then he bled, and prayed him to have his steed.
So, said Bevis, for no gold, but aske else what you would,
At your will you shall it have, but Arundel doe you not crabs;
For any prayer you can pray, my steed I will not give way.
The Kings Sonne when he it saw, that his mind he could not draw,
Without any more fable, he went unto Sir Bevis stable,
He went the horse to untie, and when he came somewhat nie,
And Arundel was also hot, with his hinder foot he him smote,
That he drowe out his braine, that he lay there dead flaine.
There was dole and much weeping, when tidings came to the King,
Forthwith the King verament, made to be cald his Parliament;
And began for to ordain, that Sir Bevis should be slain,
And be drawn with wilde beasts; his Barons would not his beasts:
They said that were no skill, but Arundel should be at his will,
For he slew thy Sonne so; but nought to Bevis may we doe.
Pay, said Bevis, for no Castle, would I let lay Arundel:
For he is good everywhere, yet had I rather the Land forswere.
Then Sir Bevis of Cornwale said, this is my counsaile and read,
That ye doe one of the two; I assent said Bevis tho.
Before you all I give here, my heritage to Sir Sabere.
Sir Bevis delibered up the wand, and there he forswore England:
A fortnight had he respite, to spend all in delight.

But

BEVIS of Hampton.

But if after might be found, he should be taken and fast bound. i
 On this manner they were at one, and to Hampton he rode anon,
 And there he told his friends those, of the case both lesse and more:
 It is no boot for us to mourne, for we may no longer here sojourn.
 Bevis and Iosian made all ready, and took their leafe for to ferry.
 Saberes son, that hight Terry, Bevis took with him for company,
 And Ascapart that false theefe, and throught him he had much grieve.
 He thought, here I doe dwell, and get nothing but travell;
 But if I might by Termagant, bying Iosian to Dambant,
 I should be welcome the King untill, and have treasure at my will.
 Thus Ascapart false was he, for Bevis was fallen into pobertie.
 When a man both in poberty fall, few friends meets he withall.
 How *Bevis* and faire *Iosian* took their way into a strange Land; and how
 shee travailed in a Forrest, and was delivered of two children; and how
Ascapart, that false fellow, after her deliverance, came and bare her away;
 and after that, how *Bevis* came to a great Iusting, and Turnament, and
 wonne the Prize.

NOW Bevis and Iosian forth gan ride, till they came to a Forrest side:
 And Iosian that was so milde, in that Land travailed with eglide:
 Bevis and Terry down gan light, and with their swords a lodge they dight,
 And brought faire Iosian therein, for they could not better ginne.
 Sir Bevis gan his service proffer, for to help her he did offer:
 Shee thanked him and said nay, for Gods love hence away.
 Goe and play with your Terry, and let me alone and our Lady:
 There shall neber womans profitie, to man be shewed for me.
 Bevis and Terry went forth there, for they would not her paine heare:
 And Ascapart took another way, not farre off he meant to stay.
 After that Bevis was gone her fro, she was delivered of childezen two.
 When Ascapart heard that case, that Iosian delivered was;
 To the lodge he went there, and Iosian away did beare:
 There might no prayers her borrow, I wondred she died not with sorrow,
 For he swore by Termagant, he would lead her to Dambant.
 When Bevis had long tarried, againe to the lodge he him bied;
 In the lodge found he no moe, but only young childezen two:
 When will he not what to say, when he saw Iosian was away.
 Alas, then said sir Bevis, Ascapart hath done treason I wis;
 Sir Bevis fell down in a trance, and Sir Terry did him uphance.
 When Bevis saw no better it would be, a rich mantle then took he,

And

The History of Sir

And lapped the two Chyldren in, for they were some-deale of his kin,
 No longer then would he abide, he took his Chyldren and forth did ride.
 A Foster in the wood he met, sir Bevis him saluted, and did him greet,
 Sir, said Bevis to him than, sawest thou ought of such a man
 Lead a woman by any way? Sir, said the Foster, nay,
 Of what profession art thou Batcheler? Sir, said he, I am a Foster:
 Wilt thou, said Bevis, so Christ thee shield, Christen here a heathen childe?
 But right now it was bozne, too soone it hath the mother sozorne.



And keepe it but this seven yeaere, for ten marke have it here.
 Gladly said the Foster tho; he took the childe, and the silver also: (bight,
 And said, what shall I call him Sir knight, Guy he said, as my father
 And when it was full seven yeaere, of each Land doe you enquire,
 After Bevis of Hamptolwne, my name is so by my crowne:
 And bring the childe unto me, and well rewarded shalt thou be.
 Gladly Sir, he said, I wis; he went his way, and Bevis his.
 For they rode, saith the booke, and another man they overtok,

And

BEVIS of Hampton.

And asked what man was he, he said a Fisher of the Sea.
And Bevis with good semblant, made with him the same covenant,
That he should on this manner, his other sonne keepe for seven yere.
The Fisher granted as Bevis said, he took the child and was well apaid.
After himselfe in that while, he Christened the child and bight it Mile.
Forth rode Bevis by Dale and Downe, till he came to a Market-towne.
He took his Anne as a courteous knight, and fast to supper he him bight.
At a window Bevis looked out, he saw in the streets all about,
Steeds trapped faire and bright, Dukes, Carles, and many a knight:
Out of the windowes on every side, Armes were hanged faire and wide.
Harolds gan the Armes sone discry, and therof Bevis marvelled greatly;
And asked the Host thereof tiding. Sir, he said, heare you nohting
Of the great Justing that shall be, to morrow in this Citty?
The Dukes daughter and his heire, she is a Maiden bright and faire.
Her father is now nere dead, therefore it is giben her to read,
A great Justing for to trie, and he that hath the masterie,
Shall this Maid have to Wed, and his lands to guide and lead.
Now said Bevis to Terry, shall we Just for the Lady?
Yes, said Terry, what should we else, if it be so as he us tels;
Bevis gave the man for his tiding, forth with a faire shilling.
On the morrow when it was day-light, then rose both Baron & knight.
Faire tokens they gan on them throw, whereby the Lady should thear
Sir Bevis bare in colours of Waint, a red Lion of gold rampant. (know.
So forth rode Terry and he, to the Justing where it should be.
The faire Lady Elinor, over the Castle lay that houre,
And the Justing she beheld, to see who did best in field.
Then the knights gan to ride, each to other on every side.
And Bevis rode first againe, the Emperours son of Almaine,
To him Bevis bare so fast, that horse and man to ground he cast.
The Carle of Florence stoutly than, against Bevis in haste ran,
And Bevis met him in the field, and hit him amid the shield.
That two yards broad and more, he cast him from his horse thore.
Then came forth Duke Anthony, who was Duke of Burgony:
He was strong and of great price, and thus he said; Sir Bevis,
Turne thee here and make defence, I will abenge the Carle Florence.
Then Bevis would no longer abide, but smote Arundell under the side,
Each to other then so drove, that their speares all to robe.
But Sir Bevis so hard him thrust, that his shoulcer-bone he burst,

The History of Sir

Therefore he was grieved sore, for that he might Just no more.
And then rode forth Sir Terry, to the Kings brother of Hungary.
And gave him such a rebowne, that horse and man fell downe.
Then came the Carle Hamant, and to Terry made his assent.
Terry hit him amidst the shield, and bare him quite into the field.
There was no Knight verily, that might Just with Bevis and Terry.
Full warily the other fought, but Sir Bevis spared them nought.
The Steward of that Land, Sir Bevis cast on the sand,
And that rejoyt faire Elenor, for the boast he made before.
And many Bevis bare throughout, so that they stood in great doubt,
They stinted not till it was night, that they wanted the day-light.
When they ceased their Tilting, on the morrow they heard tidings,
That all the praise and renowne, was given to Bevis of Hamptolone.
Dame Elinor would not bin, till Bevis came the Court within.
She said, Sir, by my counsaile, you shall me Wed without faille,
Each to other for fearme of life. Nay, said Bevis, I have a wife,
He told how she was taken away, through Treason I you say,
And for her he is full woe; now she said, sth it is so,
You shall all this seven yere, be my Lord in cleane manner,
And if you find her not by than, I will the have before any man.
And the next to the trulpy, is this good Knight Sir Terry,
And if this may stand the in stead, I grant, said Bevis, to this deed.
And thus was he her Governour, and led the Land in great honour.
As Sabere slept in his bed, he dreamed that Bevis was ill-bested,
Through Ascapart his Swaine, fearing he had Sir Bevis slaine.
When he awaked, his heart was cold, his dreames to his wife he told:
Sir, she said, as I wene, Bevis is brought into some tene,
For as I trow by my life, he hath lost either child or wife,
Through Ascapart that false theefe, surely Bevis is in some grieve;
I shall him seek, said Sabere. Twelve Knights he did attire
In Palmers weeds then anon, they were cloathed every one,
Upon Armour sure and well, made of Iron and of Steele.
Forth they went more and lesse, till they came to heathenesse.
When Iosian was nigh Mambrant, she then began to lament.
She met Sabere in the visage, and said Palmer in her language,
I pray the of succour and read, unlesse you help, I am but dead.
Certes Iosian, said Sabere, it liketh me well that you be here,
For of you Madame verament, I shall make Bevis a present.

BEVIS of Hampton.

Hee was grieved at Ascapart, and assailed him full hard.
 They him beset on every side: but none could his dints abide.
 From his strokes they all shon, and againe as knights anon
 They stroke sharpe and soze, sometimes here and sometimes thoe.
 And as he smote after a knight, Sabere ran to him full right,
 And with his sword, without doubt, he thrust Ascapart throughtout,
 That he fell dead to the ground: glad was Iosian in that sound.
 Sir Sabere took Iosian than, that was as white as any Swan.
 Her body that was faire and bright, he with an oyntment all bedight:
 And made her yelow and greene, that before was faire and chene,
 That no man should her know, therefore he discoloured her so.
 For Sir Bevis they then sought, but tidings of him heard they nought.
 That will be found, found will be: on a day they came into the Citie,
 And let Iosian to her Anne, and he went forth some meat to winne.
 As Sabere went to the Castle gate, he met his son Terry thereat.
 He prayed him in the honour of God, that he would give him some good.
 Terry then beheld him as blive, and said, Palmer, as I may thrive,
 There shall no meat for thee be too deere, thou art like my Father Sabere;
 Sabere, said he, by Gods grace, so by my mother cald I was.
 When Terry saw that it was he, he embraced him with heart free,
 And kissed him, and asked, Father, what hath made you come hither?
 Sabere said, Sonne, thou shalt see, what thing I have brought with me.
 Forth they went without feare, till they came to the Anne of Sabere,
 When Sabere with good intent, off Iosian washed the oyntment;
 Faire and well they her dight, and brought her to the Castle right, (land:
 And took her then to Bevis hand; there was not so welcome a present in the
 There came the Fisher and the Foster, with two children cleare;
 For they held Bevis covenant right, and he made each of them a knight:
 And then wedded good Sir Terry, of that Land, to the faire Lady.
 There was great feast, I wis, on every side was joy and blisse.

Here beginneth anew tidings, of King Iour and Ermine King.
 Betwene them they Battaille make, and all war for Iosians sake.
 A Palmer told Bevis thereof tidings, and Sir Bevis all heing,
 Sent after men of Chivalry, donby knights and full hardy,
 That he had knowne long before, and all they to him swore.
 When Bevis had gathered his company, he took his leabe of Sir Terry:
 And Terry proffered with him to goe, but Bevis said it should not be so.

The History of Sir

Sabere thy father shall wend with me, if I have need I will send for thee.
 Guy and Miles to horse gan right, with stal-worth swordes for to fight,
 And Bevis with all his company, went forth to Armony.
 Of his coming the King was blith, and rejoyced an hundred sth,
 And said, if thou wilt forgive me, I will be Christened for love of thee.
 On that covenant he gave a kisse, that they might be accorded, I wis:
 Then without any other dourme, Bevis sent to the Bishop of Rome;
 That he should send a Clerke good, Sabere them Bishopped oze he yode,
 That they might with clere Clergie, Christen the Land of Armony.
 For the Kings grant they had, the Bishop it heard, and he was glad:
 And hath sent after his law, Clerks that were wise in the Law.
 They christened Ermine with their hand, & then all the people of the Land.
 In many places Bevis gan worth, Chappels, and built many a Church.
 So wis the Land of Armony, throughe Bevis Christened truly.
 King Iour heard of this sand, that Bevis was come into the Land.
 A great Hoast made he tho, twenty thousand Sarasins and moe.
 And to Armony went he then, and there he gan to rob and bzen.
 When Bevis heard that he was come, a great Hoast he provided anon,
 And rode King Iour againe, with all his power, might & maine. (field.
 It was a faire fight for them that beheld, when both parties met in the
 The field shone wondrous light, with basenets that were bright.
 But soon after they were other, when both the Hoasts fought together.
 On both parts the Romane skies, they shot arrowes with both turkeys,
 With halberts and bills they did fight, as long as either stand might.
 And arrowes were there so plentie, one Hoast could hardly another see.
 With swordes bright that well could bite, each man gan other smite.
 While they handled both the same, there was earnest and no game.
 And Bevis with Morglay stirred so, that all he hit he smote in two:
 The Sarasins gan Bevis to desie, and came thich about him reabily:
 Therewith he was well apaid, and as they came, he downe them laid.
 So many he slew in that fight, that to his stirrup they lay upright.
 He rode forth when he them left, and there he slew as many est.
 Sabere his Came, though he was old, he shewed he was strong and bold,
 He slew befoze him ten and twelve, till he came to the King himselfe.
 And then mangre of Mahound, he bare the King downe to the ground.
 The Sarasins followed on a heap, to King Iour gan they leap,
 And with force horsed him again, and all at once on Sabere they laue.
 Bevis saw Sabere was in doubt, he pressed forth among the rout.

And

BEVIS of Hampton.

And rescued him in that flour, and himselfe rode to King Iour;
 And led him forth all with force: then he took Sir Sabere his horse.
 Into the Towne they did him bring, and presented Iour unto the King.
 Sabere led him on full quick, the Sarasins followed full thicke:
 But such strokes gave Bevis, that King Iour away led is.
 For any thing that they might doe, and when they saw that it was so,
 They would no longer there abide; Bevis and his men did after ride,
 And made on them so hard a chase, that two thousand slaine there was:
 Many a dead knight in that field, were sene dead under their shield,
 And many a Sarasin that day, with deaths wound went away:
 Many steeds men might see, without masters away flee,
 And Sarasins might heare, curse Mahound, they had such feare:
 When they had made that chase, they returned with great solace.
 And Sir Bevis right anon, made cast King Iour into prison.
 Then King Iour Bevis prayed, that his ransome might be payed;
 And for a Ransome give he would, twenty Tunnes of red Gold,
 Also three hundred Bals of Silke, as many Steeds as white as milke,
 And three hundred Cups of Gold fine, and as many of Musculine,
 All this ransome I will thee give, if thou now wilt let me live.
 Let thy servant, said Bevis, it bring, and I wil save thy life Sir King:
 For so much I dread not thee, but for this treasure thou shalt goe free.
 Then was King Iour full faine, and sent to his Chamberlaine:
 And he brought it without delay, and for his King he did it pay.

Of King Iour let we be, and of King Ermine speak we,
 That should passe out of this life, and sent after his sonne blive:
 For Guy, Sir Bevis eldest sonne, upon his head he set the Crowne,
 And made him King of Armony, and sone after full shortly
 Died King Ermine the best, in heaben might his soule rest.
 Unto Sir Bevis came Sabere, and took his leave home to fare.
 To England would he goe blive, to his children and his wife.
 Bevis bade him carry verament; Sabere would not, but home went.
 Now is King Iour in Hambzant, and doth sweare by Termagant,
 That he would him well advance, that might by any chance
 Steale Arundell with some Treason, from Sir Bevis of South-hampton.
 For if we Arundell could steale, I trow men might a lth Bevis deale.
 There was a theefe hight Robyan, a quaint knabe and false selen.
 He took on him the mastery, and went forth to Armony.

The History of Sir

With his Charms and his Craft, of Arundell Bevis he bereft,
 And brought him into the Towre, and presented him to King Iour,
 Then was he well apaid, that Bevis was thus betraid.
 Woe was Bevis, sooth to say, when he missed Arundell away.
 As Sabere slept at night-tide, he thought he saw Bevis ride,
 And Arundell downe him cast, that two of his ribs were brast.
 When he awaked, he was afraide, unto his wife the dreame he said:
 Sir, said she, yee doe wrong, yee dwell from Bevis all too long.
 By him that was of Mary bozne, I from his horse he hath forlozne.
 Then Sabere for Bevis sake, Staffe and Scrip began to take:
 He went forth with good semblant, untill he came to Mambrant,
 Thither he went for to spee, and left the Land of Armony.
 Sir Sabere came by a River, where men doe beasts water,
 Where he saw as he abode, on Arundell how Robion rove:
 Sabere said, by my thinking, true is now my dreaming:
 Fellow, he said, heare thou my reed, that same is a faire Stead,
 He is well brested without doubt, good fellow, turne thee about.
 And as he turned there, up behind leapt Sir Sabere,
 And slew the thiefe Robion, with the end of his Truncheon:
 He would no longer there abide, the Sarassins forth ran that tide,
 And to the King they did tell, how one had gotten Arundell.
 Then rose the crie in the Citie, that men should after him hie:
 They rode after fast in band, to the number of a thousand,
 And fall narrowly him beset, Iosian stood in a Turret:
 All the skirmish beheld the well, and one riding on Arundell:
 Unto the Hall the hied downe, and said, Sir, without the Towne
 Commeth one riding on your Stead, and surely he is in great dread:
 He is beset without doubt, with men of Armes a great rout.
 Jesus, said Bevis, a while him save, and succour shall he soone have.
 Then to Horse went Sir Guy, his brother Miles and Sir Terry.
 And eke Sir Bevis had he, with all the Knights of the Citie:
 He hied him fast in that flour, and brought Sabere good succour;
 And slew the Sarassins downe right, that none from them scape might.
 Good game there was to be seene, how they lay sprawling on the Greene.

Things came to King Iour, that his men were slaine in that flour;
 He made to send hastily, after his Brother King of Surry,
 And told him how his men were dead, and asked his counsaile and reed.

BEVIS of Hampton.

I shall thee tell, quoth Bradwin, thou art holden a noble Sarasin,
In Panie or Heathenesse, is none to thee for doubtinesse;
Wherefore I counsaile you so, ye end the battaille between you two:
And make ready the fauchowne, and make sacrifice to Mahound,
That he may send thee the upper hand: and then as I well understand,
Thou wilt a Conquerour be, and we will wend all with thee;
And stand with thee we will the while, and helpe thee in all thy perill.
Now, said Iour, I assent, and then speedily forth they went,
And made Mahound sacrifice, with all the Sarasins that were wise;
And they prayed without misse, their King might be saved from Bevis
When the King had so done, to Arme him he went full soone:
And went forth to Armony, with three thousand men right hardy.
Soone had Bevis tidings then, of King Iour and his men;
He took with him his somes two, Sabere and Terry, and other moe,
And rode King Iour againe; when Iour saw Bevis, he was faine:
And said, Bevis, I understand, wherefore ye came into this Land:
First ye bereft my men of life, after deceived me of my wife;
Wherefore I have taken counsaile, betwene us two to end the battaille:
If thou me slay, by Termagant, I grant to thee the Land of Hambzant;
And if I slay thee manfully, wilt thou grant me the Land of Armonie?
Bevis granted as he would, and undertook the Battaille bold:
Into a place they gan ride, inclosed with water on every side.
They drew their swords hastily, & rode together with great envie: (fare.
Their shields were bruised that they bare, their helms caused their blows
Then they fought another way, and Bevis hit Iour with Morglay,
That his helme he did downe pare, there men might see his head bare,
And a quarter of his shield, fell downe also into the field:
Horse and man he downe gan drie, and both fell to the ground that blibe.
Up leapt King Iour and stood, and cryed on Mahound as he were wood:
And smote at Bevis with his fauchion, then Bevis of Arundel lighted down,
And right as Bevis was downe lighting, Iour he smote without lesing,
Above Sir Bevis helme on hie, that the Crest downe did lye,
And bruised the helme in sunder: Sir Bevis kneeled, and that was wonder.
Sir Bevis then was grieved sore, up he leapt without any more.
And gave King Iour such a clout, that he never rose without doubt.
The Sarasins were woe that stound, when they saw the King on ground,
That he could neither rise nor go: therefore they were full sorry and woe:
The other people would have fled: Guy and Miles in that sted,

Slew

The History of Sir

Slew them more and lesse, or they might the water passe :
 And some they drencht in the flood, there was few quick away ynd.
 Sir Bevis then with policie, took King Iours Armoze,
 And made them it on him thzow, that no man might from Iour him know.
 A greater power with him went, that came from the City of Hambzant.
 When they within the Towze, saw the comming of King Iour,
 All they were glad and faine, and opened the Gates againe :
 And Bevis into the Citie gan ride, with great joy and much pride :
 And thzough that quaint gin, that rich City did he win,
 And made them all become his men, and did him homage then :
 And then cursed their Palmetry, and beleved in God verily ;
 And he that would not doe so, immediatly he did him slay.

(hand:

Now is Bevis King of that Land, that sometime King Iour had in
 Iofian that was bright and shene, twise thereof hath been Quene.
 Bevis and Sabere upon a day, with Hawkes and Hounds went to play,
 As they came by a Riber, soone they spied a messenger.
 He asked them after a Knight, that Sir Sabere was by right.
 Anon Sir Sabere gan forth spring, and said, Messenger, what tidings :
 Sir, he said, Edgare our King, thzough his Stewards counsailling,
 He hath disinherited thine Heire ; certes, said Sabere, that is not faire.
 He rode to Bevis and told him so, and asked him leave for to goe.
 Bevis said unto Sir Sabere, I will also goe with you thither :
 With Iofian, Miles, and Sir Guy, and thy sonne Sir Terry.
 Thereof was Sir Sabere glad, for great power with him he had :
 And so went forth to England, with men of Armes two thousand,
 And sailed to South-hampton, with many Knights of renowne.
 Saberes Wife, and Robert his Heire, welcomed them all full faire,
 And gave them to understand, how all Sir Saberes land
 The King arrested without faile, thzough Sir Brians counsaile.
 He saith he may take them away, for Arundell his sonne did say.
 Then, said Bevis, as I am alive, we will hie thither blibe.
 Bevis rode forth with little boast, at Putneth he left his Hoast :
 It is from London miles thze, where he left his company,
 And rode himselfe to London, save twelve Knights, all alone.
 Then he went to King Edgare, and asked him in what manner
 He had disinherited Sir Sabere, and his son that was his heire.
 I delivered him mine heritage, here befoze your Baronage.

The

BEVIS of Hampton.

The King said to him right soone, Sir Bevis, if ought be mis-done;
 It shall be amended in a Parliament, with Carles and Barons assent:
 All the Lords that were there, to Sir Bevis made good cheare,
 Save Sir Brian, a foole him befall, he was the most foe of them all.
 Sir, said Brian to the King, is not this a wondrous thing,
 That this fore-banished Swaine, is come into England againe?
 We ought him to hang and draw, as a Traitor against the Law.
 The King would pardon Sir Bevis, but the Steward against it is.
 Bevis was both wroth and woad, yet answered neither ill nor good:
 He took his lodging in the Town, and to his meat did set him down:
 Then Sir Brian forth went he, and made a cry through the Citie,
 All those that armes might beare, and fight with shield or speare;
 That they should arme them anon, to avenge the Kings son.
 When were the Gates lockt, Windows and doores fast stoppt,
 Chains drawn in every street, to lett Sir Bevis you may wot:
 When Bevis heard that treason, up he leapt like a Lion,
 Full soone he armed him tho, and bade his men soe to goe:
 Unto Butneth some privie way, and to my sons doe you say,
 That they hie them hither blibe, if they will have me on live:
 For while I fight here without, you may goe void of doubt.
 Bevis leapt on Arundell, he had no longer time to dwell.
 The first he met without faile, was Sir Brian of Cornewalle,
 He had with him a great rout, and beset Bevis round about:
 And then Sir Bevis said to Brian, turne thee now as thou art a man,
 Thou art an old Knight of Marre: Brian to him bare a speare.
 So hard it to Bevis he doobe, that his shield he all to robe.
 Then he chafed when he beheld, how the Steward broke his shield:
 Now said Bevis will I smite, and begin that deed to quite,
 He smote Arundell under the side, and with Morglay in that tide,
 He hit Sir Brian on the crowne, and to the saddle clobe him downe:
 Bevis stirred him in that stound, two hundred men he cast to ground.
 He rode forth to Broad-street, many Lumbards did he meet,
 They assauleth Bevis wondrous fast, on every side he downe them cast,
 Bevis had been in many a Land, and many a Battaille had in hand,
 Yet never was he so woe a man, in any battaille as he was than.
 But he defended himselfe full well, and many of them he did sell,
 On every side downe them he cast, and did ride among them fast,
 Till he came to the Gate, where he found them on a heape.

The History of Sir

Then againe began the fight, betwixen the Citty and the Knight:
Bevis said with milde mood, to the folke that there stood.
I read that you unlock the Gate, and that you let me out thereat.
For if I die here within, little credit shall you win:
All against him did they crie, yeld thee Bevis, or thou shalt die.
Bevis fought till he was wood, and bathed Morglay in their blood.
Six hundred men he cast to ground, and had neither wen nor wound,
But much sweat of that man, through heat of his body came.
When it drew towards night, the people were still ready to fight,
Then began Arundell his steed, to helpe his master at his need;
By twenty foot on each side, durst no man that horse abide;
So long lasted then that fight, that it was well nigh dark night.
Sir Bevis knights had good passage, and to Butneth brought the message,
Sir Bevis sons should he them blive, if they would have their father on.
When Iofian heard the speak of Bevis, in a swoon she fell, I wis, (libe:
Sir Miles her son, and Sir Guy, took her up presently,
Sons, she said, what is your reede? for certes your father is dead,
The best reede that I can, is to slay every man:
Pay, said Miles, we will not doe so, but to our father we will goe,
And bring him good succour, if he be living in that flour;
And then if he slaine be, we will be avenged truly,
We will destroy all that Citty; soon they were all ready:
Sir Guy bestrode Arum bright, he was not heavie, but full light;
And a noble sword gan he take, that was Sir Lancelots du Lake,
Sir Bevis with his owne hand, wan it in the Holy-land.
Miles had Arundell I understand, that sometimes ought Rowland;
The horse was as swift as any swallow, there might no horse him follow.
Boats took they that tide, and over the Thames gan ride,
And brought with them to the Citty, a thousand knights able and free.
They came to the waters side, with joy and great pride;
At Ludgate they began arrive, where they found Bevis alive,
Certes Lordings I to you say, by that spzang the light of the day.
Bevis was so weary in that fight, that he could not sit upright:
There dwelt a Lombard in the Town, a doubty man of great renowne,
And he gathered a great host, and rode forth with great boast;
And in his hand a good fauchotone, that was made of Steele browne,
And forth he pricked to Sir Bevis, wilt thou aske no trewies?
And then anon with his fauchotone, he hit Sir Bevis upon the crowne.

Bevis

BEVIS of Hampton.

Bevis for faintnesse laid him low, and leane'd him upon his saddle-bow.
 That saw Bevis, his son Sir Guy, and gan pricke with great enble,
 With his sword by a bone in his hand, and to the Lumbard sent his sand,
 So hard on his head he it set, that through helme and burgonet,
 Man and horse in that stound, he smote asunder to the ground,
 The point on the pavement gent, that the fire out went:
 At that stroke Sir Bevis lough, for it comfort to him brought:
 He thanked God omnipotent, that him holpe from heaven sent:
 Arundell for joy neighed right, and helped Bevis for to fight.
 Sir Bevis turned in that whilles, and saw his other son Sir Miles,
 Come pricking with a great rout, of armed men him about:
 He never needed to seek Lech, that Sir Miles might over-reach;
 Men might heare crownes crack, when Bevis gan to strike.
 So hard they gan to meet, that the blood ran in every street.
 So many men were dead, that Cheapside was of blood red.
 For there were slaine, I understand, to the number of two thousand,
 Through the false stewards read, and yet he was first dead.
 It is true without lasing, of falsehood cometh no good ending,
 In every street men might see, men in great paine to die;
 Heads pared close by the eyes, shankes cut off by the thighes;
 Hands and armes both cut off, heads and helmets tumbling aloft;
 Dead bodles quartered into thre, that it was great pity to see.
 When Bevis his enemies had destroyed, unto Putney he him bled.
 Iofian was never so faine, as when he saw Bevis againe.
 Bevis took Iofian full soon, and to South-hampton came anon.
 There he thought without faile, to abide the King battaile.

How the King took truce with *Bevis*, and wedded his daughter to *Miles*,
 and made him Lord of *Cornwall*, that which longed to Sir *Brian*, the
 Steward, whom *Bevis* slue in the City of *London*.

Things came to King *Edgare*, of the fighting that was there;
 King *Edgare* then did full right, and sent after Baron and Knight:
 And said, by my Stewards read, many of my men are dead:
 I am now an old man, and Bevis much of warre can,
 He came hither from farre, with great power on me to warre:
 Two sons he hath brought, how to agree I take great thought:
 Miles shall wed my daughter free, and so our wife allwagde shall be,

The History of Sir

He shall be Earle of Cornwall, that was Brians without faille ;
All they counsailed him so, a messenger the King sent the
To Bevis of South-hampton, and bade him come to London ;
I will it be ordained so, to make league betwene us two.
Miles shall wed my daughter free, and Earle of Cornwall shall he be.
Bevis is to London come, the wedding was presently begun :
The Lady to the Church was led, and to sir Miles she was wed ;
The King gave him in spousall, the Earldome of Cornwall :
There was mirth at their spousing, tournament and great jasting :
At the spousall in that manner, the King and Bevis sat full neare.
Now would Bevis home wend, he took his leave of the King his friend,
And the Lords there that whiles, and also of his son sir Miles.
He betooke his son to sir Sabere, that he should him teach and leare.
Bevis is gone, and sir Guy, Iosian, and eke sir Terry ;
Unto Hambzant he did fare, and seven yeares he lived there :
When wared Iosian sicke and lay, and Bevis also, to you I say.
Bishops and fraters came blibe, Bevis and Iosian for to shrybe.
When Bevis and Iosian the good, were humbled unto God in mood,
Each turned to other without boast, and both yelded up the ghost.
Much sorow made sir Guy, but it was no boot truly,
For we must be all dead I wis, when Christs will is.
Sir Guy, to the stable then went he, Arundel his horse for to see ;
When he came there he found no read, for Arundel was also dead :
Sir Guy thought marvell. the sooth to say, that all they died upon a day :
Sir Guy did ordaine and make, for Bevis and Iosians sake,
A place of Religion and pryce, to sing for Iosian and Bevis ;
And tombed them together there, King and Quene as they were ;
Jesu Christ in Trinity, on their soules have mercy.
Thus endeth Bevis of Hampton, Knight and King of great renowne ;
And they that heare this talking, Jesu grant them good ending :
And bzing us all to heavenly blisse, that ever shall last and never misse ;
Unto blisse bzing us he, that for us died upon the tre.

FINIS.

e.

end,

day:

e:

time;

MM